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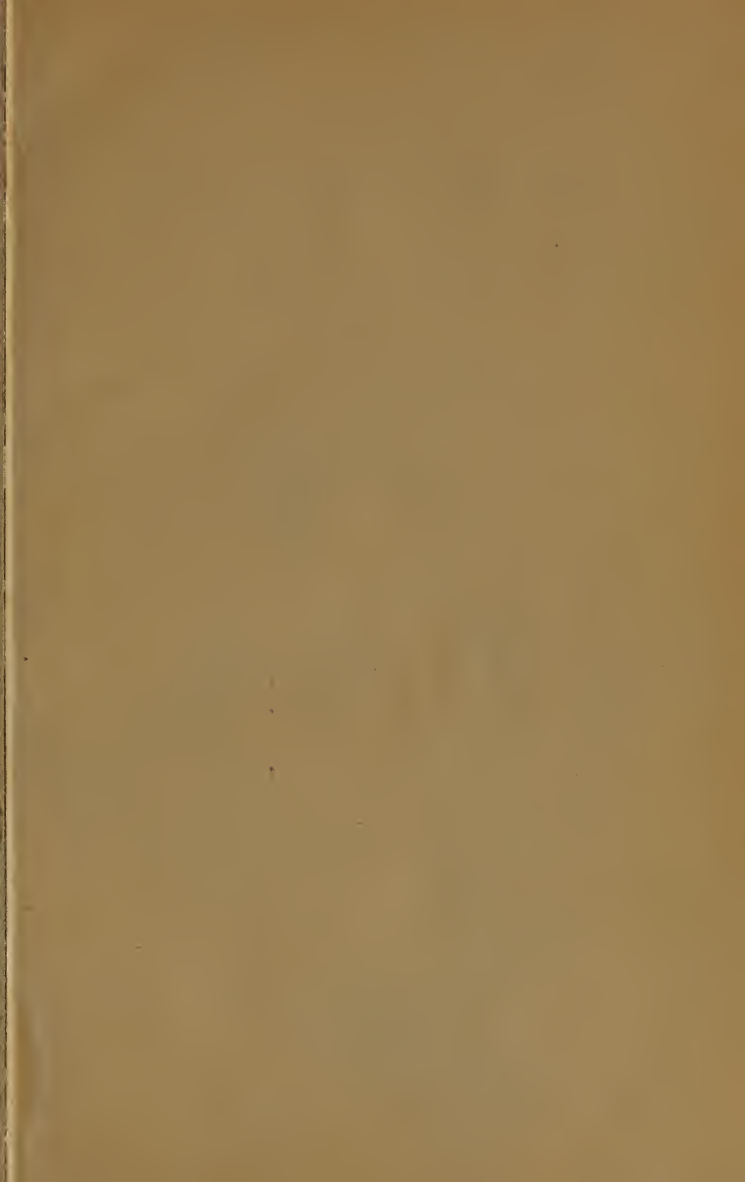
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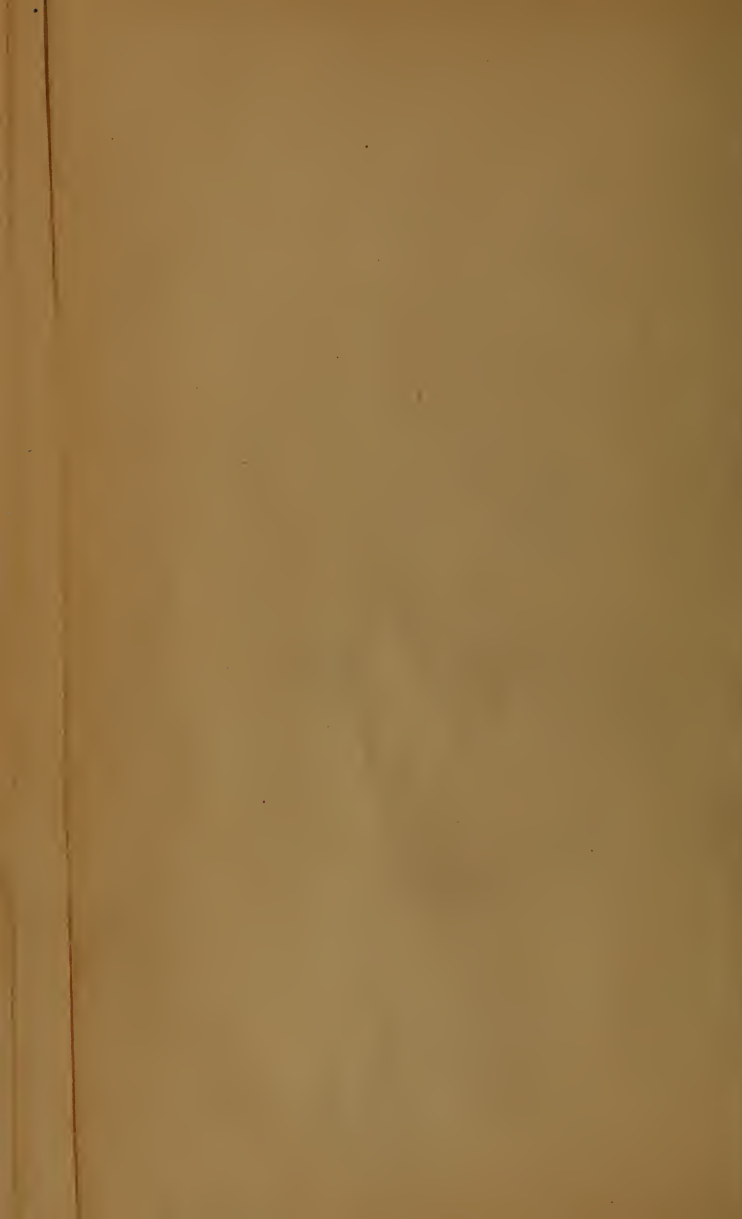












..BURBANK'S..

RECITATIONS  
AND READINGS



..DICK & FITZGERALD;  
NEW YORK.



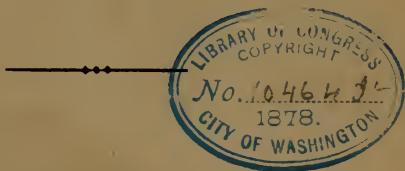
A COLLECTION  
OF  
HUMOROUS, DRAMATIC,  
AND  
DIALECT SELECTIONS,

EDITED AND ARRANGED

FOR PUBLIC READING OR RECITATION,

BY ALFRED P. BURBANK,

AND CONTAINING MANY CHOICE SELECTIONS NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT, AS  
WELL AS SOME OLD FAVORITES.



NEW YORK:  
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS.

[1878].  
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## PREFACE.

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I take pleasure in presenting this little volume to the public, as it enables me effectually to answer very many inquiries after choice selections made popular by me and others of the profession, and hitherto most difficult to obtain.

I am especially indebted to Mr. *Dion Boucicault*, for his great kindness in allowing me so liberal an extract from the *Shaugraun*; also to many other kind friends who have, from time to time, suggested or given me some of the rarest bits of dialect in the book.

In preparing this collection, I have taken especial pains to include only those things which *I know by actual trial* to be *strong* and *successful*. Every public reader will appreciate the force of so emphatic a statement as the above, one which I believe can be truthfully made of no other "collection" now extant; and with the experience of nearly one thousand public entertainments in all parts of the country to guide me, I have done my best to fulfill the conditions of preparing an intensely practical and desirable collection.

It will be apparent to all discriminating minds, that this book is by no means intended as a "Reading Book" in the ordinary sense of that term. It is not intended, nor is

it fitted, for a school or class text-book ; and were it my intention to make this preface, in any sense, an essay on Elocution, I could adduce many reasons why such a book should *not* be so used. It *is* intended to afford both professional and amateur readers a fund of selections especially adapted to the purpose of *entertaining* an audience.

I only regret that the limit of price, and consequent space, in this small book, prevents the introduction of scarcely more than half of my own repertoire, to say nothing of many charming and desirable specialties of other readers, which I might use had I room. Trusting, however, that this book will answer all desirable ends, until it shall seem best to make a more comprehensive collection,

I remain,

The Public's faithful servant,

A. P. BURBANK.

*September, 1878.*

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# BURBANK'S

## RECITATIONS AND READINGS.

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### CONN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE FOX HUNT.

(FROM "THE SHAUGRAUN"—Act I, Scene 3.)

The following extract from the great play of the "Shaugraun" is used with the special permission of Mr. Dion Boucicault. It is taken from the scene where Mrs. O'Kelley, the mother of Conn the Shaugraun (*Irish for vagabond*), is conversing with Conn's sweetheart, pretty little Moya Doolan. As these two women are talking, *enter* CONN.

MRS. O'KELLEY. The polis was in my cabin to-day. They say you stole Squire Foley's horse.

CONN. Well, now, here's a purty thing, for a horse to run away wid a man's character like this. Oh, wurra! may I niver die in sin, but here was the way of it. I was standin' by ould Foley's gate, whin I heard the cry of the hounds comin' across the tail end of the bog, and there they wor, my dear, spread out like the tail of a paycock, and the finest dog fox you ever seen was sailin' ahead of em, up the boreen, an' right across the church-yard. It was enough to rise the inhabitants. Well, as I looked, who should come up an' put her head over the gate beside me, but the squire's brown mare, small blame to her. Divil a thing said I to her, nor she to me, for the hounds had lost their scent among the grave-stones, we knew by their whine and yelp—when, whoop! the fox wint by us. I leapt on the gate, an' gave a shriek of a view-halloo to the *whip*. In a minute the pack caught the scent again, and the

whole field came roarin' past. The mare lost her head and tore at the gate. Stop, says I, ye divil! and I slipped a taste of a rope that I had in my pocket over her head an' into her mouth. Now, mind the cunnin' of the baste. She was quiet in a minute. Come home aisy, now, says I, an' I threw my leg across her. Bejabbers, no sooner was I on her bare back, than, whoo! holy rocket! she was over the gate an' tearin' like mad after the hounds. Yorick, says I, come back, you thief of the world! Tally-ho! says I, where are you takin' me to? as she went through the hunting field, and laid me beside the master of the hounds, Squire Foley himself. He turned the color of his leather breeches. Mother o' Moses! ses he, is that Conn, the Shaugraun, on my brown mare? Bad luck to me, ses I, it's no one else. You stole my horse, ses the Squire. It's a lie, ses I—'twas your horse stole me.

MOYA. An' what did he say to that?

CONN. I couldn't stop to hear, for just then we took a stone wall an' a double ditch at the same time, an' he stopped behind to keep an engagement he had in the ditch.

MRS. O'KELLEY. Ye'll get a month in jail for that.

CONN. A month in jail, will I? Well, begorra, it was worth it.

## THE TAILOR'S THIMBLE.

(FROM "THE SHAUGRAUN"—*Act II, Scene 4.*)

On account of Conn's fondness for the "juice of sod" and general dissolute habits, Father Doolan, the parish priest, and uncle of Conn's sweetheart, Moya, who is her uncle's housekeeper, has quite forbidden Conn the house; but the young people got together occasionally for all that, and Conn was hanging around outside one stormy night, as was his custom, when Father Doolan's heart relents and he says:

FATHER DOOLAN. Well, you may let him stand in out of the wet. Give me a cup of tay, Moya. I hope it will be stronger than the last. Well, Conn, haven't ye a word to say for yourself?

CONN. Divil a one, yer Riverence.

FATHER DOOLAN. You are goin' to ruin.

CONN. I am, bad luck to me.

FATHER DOOLAN. And you want to take a dacint girl wid ye?

CONN. I'm a vagabone intirely.

FATHER DOOLAN. What sort of a life do ye lead? What is your occupation? Stealin' the salmon out the river at night?

CONN. No, sir, I'm not so bad as that, but I'll confess to a couple of trout—sure the salmon is out o' sayson.

FATHER DOOLAN. The tay smells of whiskey.

CONN. If ye plaze, sir, it's not the tay ye smell, sir—it's me.

FATHER DOOLAN. That reminds me. Didn't ye give me a promise last Easter, a blessed promise made on yer two knees, that ye'd lave off drink?

CONN. I did, barrin' only one thimbleful a day, just to take the cruelty out of the water.

FATHER DOOLAN. One thimbleful? That I allowed you that concession—no more.

CONN. God bless, ye did, an' I kep' my word.

FATHER DOOLAN. Kept your word! how dare ye say that? Didn't I find ye ten days after stretched out as drunk as a fiddler at Tim O'Malley's wake?

CONN. Ye did, bad luck to me.

FATHER DOOLAN. An' ye took only one thimbleful?

CONN. Divil a drop more. Now see this. Ah, will ye listen to me, sir? I'll tell ye how it was. When they axed me to the wake, I wint. Oh, I wouldn't decaive ye, sir—I wint. There was the Mulcaheys an' the Maloneys an' the O'Flahertys an' the Madigans—

FATHER DOOLAN. I don't want to hear about that at all—come to the drink.

CONN. Av coorse. Begorra, I came to that soon enough. Well, sir, whin, after blessin' the keeners an' the rest of them, I couldn't despise a drink out of respect to the corpse, long life to it. But, boys, sez I, I'm on a pinance, sez I. Is there ever a thimble in the house, sez I—for divil a drop more than the full of it will pass my lips this blessed day. Well, as the divil's luck would have it, there was only one thimble in the house and that was a tailor's thimble, an' they couldn't get it full—begorra, they got me full first.

FATHER DOOLAN. Ah, Conn, I'm afeared liquor is not the

worst of your doin's. We've lost sight of you lately for more than six months. In what jail have you spent your time?

CONN. I was on my travels.

FATHER DOOLAN. Where?

CONN. Round the world. Ye see, sir, after Master Robert was tuk an' they sint him away, the heart seemed to go out of me intirely. I'd stand by the say an' look over it, and see the ships sailin' away to were he may be, till the longing grew too big for my body, an' one night I jumped into the coast guard-boat, stuck up the sail, and away I wint.

FATHER DOOLAN. Bless the boy! ye didn't think ye could get to Australia in a skiff?

CONN. I didn't think at all. I wint all night. I tossed about all next day an' that night, till at day-light I come across a big ship. Stop, sez I, an' put me ashore, for the love of Heaven, sez I; I'm out of me coorse. They whipped me on deck. Where d'ye come from? sez the captain. Suilabeg, sez I; I'll be obliged to you if you'll lave me anywhere handy by there. You'll have to go to Melbourne first, sez he. Is that anywhere in the County Sligo, sez I, lookin' like a lamb. If ye heard the shout of laffin' I got for that. Why, ye omadahaun, sez he, ye'll never see yer home for six months. Then I set up a "withersthru." Poor divil, sez the captain, I'm sorry for you, but ye must cross the say. What work can ye do best? I can play the fiddle, sez I. Take him forward and take good care of him, an' so they did. That's how I got my passage to Australia.

---

## THE O'KELLEY CABIN.

(FROM "THE SHAUGRAUN"—*Act III, Scene 1.*)

Conn's master, the young Irish nobleman, Robert Ffolliot, has been exiled to Australia for his Fenianism. Managing to escape by Conn's assistance, he returns to Ireland, but is quickly apprehended and placed in prison. Conn is equal to the situation and helps him break jail. Just as they are getting nicely away, however, the villain of the play, Corry Kinchella, the cruel squireen, sets upon them with the soldiery and constabulary. Conn outwits

them by taking on his master's disguise, so that while the nobleman really escapes, Conn is followed to the ruins of St. Bridget's Abbey, where two shots are fired at him, and he rolls down to the foot of the ruins, apparently dead. It seems that Conn and Ffoliot had made an appointment with their respective sweethearts, Moya Doolan and Miss Arte O'Neal, to meet them at this spot, and run away with them, provided they get off safely. These two young women are, however, abducted by the villains, and Conn is taken home and laid out on a door, ready for a rale ould Irish wake. Father Doolan is pacing up and down outside the cottage, waiting the arrival of the mourners, and bewailing the untimely fate of poor Conn, and the abduction of Moya and Miss O'Neal, concerning whom he says:

FATHER DOOLAN. These two girls were the only witnesses of the deed. And that was why they were carried off. No one else was present to prove how Conn was killed.

CONN. (*putting head out of window.*) Yis—I was there.

ALL. *Conn alive!*

CONN. Whist! No, I'm dead.

FATHER DOOLAN. Why, you provoking vagabond, is this the way you play upon our feelings? Are you hurt?

CONN. I've a crack over the lug, an' a scratch across the small of me back. Sure, miss, unless I drawed them two shots, you would never have had the signal.

FATHER DOOLAN. Brave fellow! How did you escape?

CONN. I'll tell you, sir; but, whoo! gorra! they say dead men tell no tales, but here am I, takin' away the character of the corporation. When the master got out of the jail, there was Kinchella and his gang outside, waitin' to murder us. We give them the slip, an' while the master got off, I led them away after me to St. Bridget's Abbey. There, after I got them two shots out of them, I rowled down an' lay as quiet as a sack of pittaties. Miss O'Neal an' Moya were standin' by an' screechin' blue murder. "Stop their mouths!" said a voice that I knew was Kinchella's. Reilly and Sullivan whipped them on to a car that was waitin' outside. After that, sorra a thing I remimber, till I found myself laid out on a door, wid candles all around me, an' whiskey bottles an' cakes an' sugar an' tobacco an' lemons an' bacon an' snuff, an' the divil an' all. I thought I was in heaven.

FATHER DOOLAN. And that is his idea of heaven! And you let your poor old mother believe you dead, you didn't relieve her sorrow?

CONN. Would ye have me spoil a wake after invitin' all the neighbors? Thin I remimber the polis would be wantin' me for the share I had in helpin' the masther to break jail. Oh, sir, don't let on to the mother; she'd never howld her whist. Besides, sir, I want to be dead, if ye plaze, to folly up the blackguards that have howld of Moya an' Miss O'Neal.

MOL. Do you know the place where these ruffians resort?

CONN. I'm consaited I do.

FATHER DOOLAN. I'll answer for him he knows every disreputable den in the county.

CONN. An' where would ye be now if I didn't?

FATHER DOOLAN. Here comes your mother with the mourners.

CONN. Whoo! she'll find some of the whiskey gone.

## THE "OOLAGHAUN."

(FROM "THE SHAUGRAUN"—*Act III, Scene 2.*)

MALE VOICES.

Och, Oolaghaun! Och, Oolaghaun!

Make his bed both wide and deep.

Och, Oolaghaun! Och, Oolaghaun!

He is only gone to sleep.

FEMALE VOICES.

Why did ye die—oh, why did ye die,

And leave us alone to cry?

MALE AND FEMALE VOICES.

Why did ye die, why did ye die,

Leaving us to sigh—och, hone!

Why did ye die, why did ye die,

Oolaghaun—och, Oolaghaun!

BIDDY MADIGAN. Oh, hoo! Oh, hoo! Oolaghaun! The widdy had a son, an only son—wail for the widdy.

ALL. Oolaghaun!

BIDDY. I seen her when she was a fair young girl, a fair girl wid a child at her breast.

ALL. Oolaghaun!

BIDDY. None was like him, none could compare. (*Aside.*) Give me a drop of something to put the spirit in me—the fire is getting low.

CONN. (*aside.*) It's a mighty pleasant thing to die like this once in awhile, and hear all the good things said about you after yer dead and gone.

BIDDY. He was the pride of the O'Kelleys forevermore.

CONN. I was a big blackguard whin I was alive.

BIDDY. Good and beautiful.

CONN. Oh, go out o' that!

*Enter MOLINEAUX.*

MOL. I beg pardon for intruding upon this melancholy entertainment—this festive solemnity.

MRS. O'K. Heaven bless yer honor for comin' to see the last of him. Isn't he beautiful?

MOL. The rogue is winking at me.

MRS. O'K. How often I put him to bed as a child, and sung him to sleep; but now he'll be put to bed wid a shovel, and the song was never sung that will awaken him.

MOL. If *any* words could put life into him, I have come to speak them. Robert Ffolliot has been pardoned and returned home a free man.

ALL. Hurra! Hurra!

MOL. But his home is desolate, for the girl he loved has been stolen away. The man who robbed him of his liberty first and then of his estate, has now stolen his betrothed—Mr. Corry Kinchella. The ruffians who shot the brave fellow who lies there were led by Kinchella's agent, Harvey Duff.

ALL. Harvey Duff.

BIDDY. Harvey Duff sent my boy across the sea.

DOYLE. I've a long reckoning agin him and I keep it warm.

MRS. O'K. I've a short one and there he lies.

ALL. Where is he?

MOL. Kinchella and his men are hiding in some den where they hold Miss O'Neale and Moya prisoners.

ALL. Moya Doolan?

MOL. The niece of your minister, the sweetheart of poor Conn. My men shall aid you in your search; but you are familiar with every nook and corner in the whole county. You must direct it. Robert Ffolliot awaits you at Sulibeg to lead the hunt. That is, after you have paid your melancholy respects to the Shaugraun.

MRS. O'K. No; ye couldn't plaze him better than to go now. Bring back the news that you have revenged his murder, and he'll go under the sod wid a light heart.

(*All exit, except REILLY, SULLIVAN and CONN.*)

REILLY. Away wid ye, while I go warn Harvey Duff.

BOTH. Murther alive!

CONN. That's it. Murther alive! That is what I am—a murther that will live to see you both hung for it. I'll be at your wake, and, begorra, I'll give ye both a fine character. (*They rush to the door.*) Aisy, boys, aisy; the door is fast, and here's the key; ye're in a fine trap. Oho! ye made a mistake last night.

REILLY. Did ye forget that ye are dead?

SULLIVAN. Sure, if we made a mistake last night, we can repair it now.

CONN. Oh, tare an' ages, what'll I do?

REILLY. We'll just lay ye out comfortable again, where ye wor; divil a sowl will be any the wiser.

CONN. *Help! help!*

REILLY. They are all miles away by this time; screechin' won't save ye.

CONN. Help! help!

SULL. Shut the windy. I'll quiet him.

MOL. (*at window.*) Drop those knives! Do you hear what I said? Drop those knives! Now open the door.

CONN. Yes, here's the kay.

MOL. If you put your head outside that cabin, I'll put a bullet in it.

CONN. (*to SULLIVAN.*) Help me up; the hangman will do as much for you some day.

MOL. What men are these?

CONN. A couple of Kinchella's chickens; they know the road we want to travel.

MOL. Take that pistol—do you know how to use it?

CONN. I'll try.

MOL. Attention! attention! Put your hands in your pockets.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now take me right to where your employer, Mr. Kinchella, has imprisoned Miss O'Neal and Moya, and if on the road you take your hands out of your pockets, or attempt to move beyond the reach of my sword, upon my honor, as an officer and a gentleman, I'll cut you down. *Forward!*

CONN. Attention! Put your hand in my pocket. Now take me straight to where Moya Doolan's shut up, and if you stir a peg out o' that on the road, by the piper that played before Julius Cæsar, I'll save the county six feet of rope.

## RIP VAN WINKLE.

### PART I.

The following scene is taken from the first act of the celebrated play of RIP VAN WINKLE, as recited by Mr. Burbank, with the special permission of Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

The language is but slightly altered and adapted from the original, to make it more manageable as a monologue.

The characters introduced are—

RIP VAN WINKLE.

DERRICK VON BEEKMAN, *the villain of the play, who endeavors to get RIP drunk, in order to have him sign away his property to* VON BEEKMAN.

NICK VEDDER, *the village inn-keeper.*

SCENE.—*The Village Inn.*

*Present, VON BEEKMAN, alone.*

*Enter RIP, shaking off the CHILDREN, who cling about him like flies to a lump of sugar*

RIP. (*to the CHILDREN.*) Say! hullo, dere, du Yacob Stein! du kleine spitzboob. Let dat dog Schneider alone, will you? Dere, I tole you dat all de time, if you don'd let him alone he's goin' to

bide you! Why, hullo, Derrick! how you was? Ach, my! Did you hear dem liddle fellers just now? Dey most plague me crazy. Ha, ha, ha! I like to laugh my outsides in every time I tink about it. Just now, as we was comin' along togedder, Schneider and me—I don'd know if you know Schneider myself? Well, he's my dog. Well, dem liddle fellers, dey took Schneider, und—ha, ha, ha!—dey—ha, ha!—dey *tied a tin kettle mit his tail!* Ha, ha, ha! My gracious! of you had seen dat dog run! My, how scared he was! Vell, he was a-runnin' an' de kettle was a-bangin' an'—ha, ha, ha! you believe it, dat dog, he run right *betwixt me an' my legs!* Ha, ha, ha! He spill me und all dem liddle fellers down in de mud togedder. Ha, ha, ha!

VON BEEKMAN. Ah, yes, that's all right, Rip, very funny, very funny; but what do you say to a glass of liquor, Rip?

RIP. Well, now, Derrick, what do I generally say to a glass? I generally say it's a good ting, don'd I? Und I generally say a good deal more to what is *in* it, dan to de glass.

VON B. Certainly, certainly! Say, hallo, there! Nick Vedder, bring out a bottle of your best!

RIP. Dat's right—fill 'em up. You wouldn't believe it, Derrick, but dat is de first one I have had to-day. I guess maybe de reason is, I couldn't got it before. Ah, Derrick, my score is too big! Well, here is your good health und your family's—may they all live long und prosper. (*They drink.*) Ach! you may well smack your lips, und go ah, ah! over *dat* liquor. You don'd give me such liquor like dat every day, Nick Vedder. Well, come on, fill 'em up again. Git out mit dat water, Nick Vedder, I don'd want no water in my liquor. Good liquor und water, Derrick, is just like man und wife, *dey don'd agree well togedder*—dat's me und *my* wife, any way. Well, come on again. Here is your good health und your family's, und may dey all live long und prosper!

NICK VEDDER. That's right, Rip; drink away, and “drown your sorrows in the flowing bowl.”

RIP. Drown my sorrows? Ya, dat's all very well, but *she don'd drown*. My wife is my sorrow und you can't drown her; she tried it once, but she couldn't do it. What, didn't you hear about dat, de day what Gretchen she like to got drowned? Ach, my; dat's de funniest ting in de world. I'll tell you all about it. It was de same day what we got married. I bet you I don'd forgot *dat* day so

long what I live. You know dat Hudson River what dey git dem boats over—well, dat's de same place. Well, you know dat boat what Gretchen she was a-goin' to come over in, dat got *upsetted*—ya, just went righd by der boddom. *But she wasn't in de boat.* Oh, no; if she had been in de boat, well, den, maybe she might have got drowned. You can't tell anything at all about a ting like dat!

VON B. Ah, no; but I'm sure, Rip, if Gretchen were to fall into the water now, you would risk your life to save her.

RIP. *Would I?* Well, I am not so sure about dat myself. When we was first got married? Oh, ya; I know I would have done it den, but I don'd know how it would be now. But it would be a good deal more my duty now as it was den. Don'd you know, Derrick, when a man gits married a long time—mit his wife, he gits a good deal attached mit her, und it would be a good deal more my duty now as it was den. But I don'd know, Derrick. I am afraid if Gretchen should fall in de water now und should say, "Rip, Rip! help me oud"—I should say, "Mrs. Van Winkle, I will just go home und tink about it." Oh, no, Derrick; if Gretchen fall in de water now she's got to swim, I told you dat—ha, ha, ha, ha! Hullo! dat's her a-comin' now; I guess it's bedder I go oud! *(Exit RIP.)*

---

## PART II.

Shortly after his conversation with Von Beekman, Rip's wife catches him carousing and dancing upon the village green with the pretty girls. She drives him away in no very gentle fashion, and he runs away from her only to go and get drunker than before. Returning home after nightfall in a decidedly muddled condition, he puts his head through the open window at the rear, not observing his irate wife, who stands in ambush behind the clothes-bars with her ever-ready broomstick, to give him a warm reception; but seeing only his little daughter Meenie, of whom he is very fond, and who also loves him very tenderly, Rip says:

Meenie! Meenie, my darlin'!

MEENIE. Hush-sh-h.

*(Shaking finger, to indicate the presence of her mother.)*

RIP. Eh! what's de matter? I don'd see noting, my darlin'.

MEENIE. 'Sh-sh-sh!

RIP. Eh! what? Say, Meenie, is de ole wild cat home? (GRETCHEN catches him quickly by the hair.) Oh, oh! say, is dat you, Gretchen? Say, dere, my darlin', my angel, don'd do dat. Let go my head, wond you? Well, den, hold on to it so long what you like. (GRETCHEN releases him.) Dere, now, look at dat, see what you done—you gone pull out a whole handful of hair. What you want to do a ting like dat for? You must want a bald-headed husband, don'd you?

GRETCHEN. Who was that you called a wild cat?

RIP. Who was dat I call a wild cat? Well, now, let me see, who was dat I call a wild cat? Dat must a' been de same time I come in de winder dere, wasn't it? Yes, I know, it was de same time. Well, now, let me see. (Suddenly.) It was de dog Schneider dat I call it.

GRETCHEN. The dog Schneider? That's a likely story.

RIP. Why, of course it is a likely story—ain't he my dog? Well, den, I call him a wild cat just so much what I like, so dere now. (GRETCHEN begins to weep.) Oh, well; dere, now, don'd you cry, don'd you cry, Gretchen; you hear what I said? Lisdén now. If you don'd cry, I nefer drink anoder drop of liquor in my life.

GRETCHEN. (crying.) Oh, Rip! you have said so so many, many times, and you never kept your word yet.

RIP. Well, I say it dis time, and I mean it.

GRETCHEN. Oh, Rip! if I could only trust you.

RIP. You mustn't suspect me. Can't you see repentance in my eye?

GRETCHEN. Rip, if you will only keep your word, I shall be the happiest woman in the world.

RIP. You can believe it. I nefer drink anoder drop so long what I live, if you don'd cry.

GRETCHEN. Oh, Rip, how happy we shall be! And you'll get back all the village, Rip, just as you used to have it; and you'll fix up our little house so nicely; and you and I, and our darling little Meenie, here—how happy we shall be!

RIP. Dere, dere, now! you can be just so happy what you like. Go in de odder room, go along mit you; I come in dere pooty quick. (Exit GRETCHEN and MEENIE.) My! I swore off fon drinkin' so many, many times, and I never kep' my word yet.

(*Taking out bottle.*) I don'd believe dere is more as one good drink in dat bottle, anyway. It's a pity to waste it! You goin' to drink dat? Well, now, if you do, it is de last one, remember dat, old feller. Well, here is your goot held, und—

*Enter GRETCHEN, suddenly, who snatches the bottle from him.*

GRETCHEN. Oh, you brute! you paltry thief!

RIP. Hold on dere, my dear, you will spill de liquor.

GRETCHEN. Yes, I *will* spill it, you drunken scoundrel! (*Throwing away the bottle.*) *That's the last drop you ever drink under this roof.*

RIP. (*slowly, after a moment's silence, as if stunned by her severity.*) Eh! what?

GRETCHEN. Out, I say! you drink no more here.

RIP. What? Gretchen, are you goin' to drive me away?

GRETCHEN. Yes! Acre by acre, foot by foot, you have sold everything that ever belonged to you for liquor. Thank Heaven this house is mine, and you can't sell it.

RIP. (*rapidly sobering, as he begins to realize the gravity of the situation.*) Yours? yours? Ya, you are right—it is yours; I have got no home. (*In broken tones, almost sobbing.*) But where will I go?

GRETCHEN. Anywhere! out into the storm, to the mountains. There's the door—never let your face darken it again.

RIP. What, Gretchen! are you goin' to drive me away like a dog on a night like dis?

GRETCHEN. Yes; out with you! *You have no longer a share in me or mine. (Breaking down and sobbing with the intensity of her passion.*

RIP. (*very slowly and quietly, but with great intensity.*) Well, den, I will go; you have drive me away like a dog, Gretchen, and I will go. But remember, Gretchen, after what you have told me here to-night, I can never come back. You have open de door for me to go; you will never open it for me to return. But, Gretchen, you tell me dat I have no longer a share here. (*Points at the child, who kneels crying at his feet.*) Good-by, (*with much emotion*) my darlin'. God bless you! Don'd you nefer forgit your fader. Gretchen, (*with a great sob*) I wipe de disgrace from your door. Good-by, good-by!

(*Exit RIP into the storm.*

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD SQUIRE.

*Read with great success by* CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

'Twas a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottomless pit ;  
The wind was howling away like a Bedlamite in a fit,  
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars down,  
In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, where you turn off to  
the town.

And the rain (well, it *did* rain) dashing against the window glass,  
And deluging on the roof, as the Devil were come to pass ;  
The gutters were running in floods outside the stable door,  
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as they would never give  
o'er.

Lor', how the winders rattled ! you'd almost ha' thought that  
thieves

Were wrenching at the shutters, while a ceaseles pelt of leaves  
Flew to the doors in gusts ; and I could hear the beck  
Falling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room, by a little scrap of fire,  
And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a-practicing for the choir ;  
But it sounded dismal, anthem did, for Squire was dying fast.  
And the doctor said, do what he would, Squire's breaking up at last.  
The death-watch, sure enough, ticked loud just over th' owd  
mare's head,

Though he had never once been heard up there since master's boy  
lay dead ;

And the only sound, beside Tom's toon, was the stirring in the  
stalls,

And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd walls.

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that he was  
near,

And the chill rain and the wind and cold made us all shake with  
fear ;

We listened to the clock up-stairs, 'twas breathing soft and low,  
For the nurse said, at the turn of night the old Squire's soul would go.

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish life ;  
Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire, who dared write to his wife ?  
He beat the Rads at Hindon Town, I heard, in twenty-nine,  
When every pail in market place was brimmed with red port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why, for forty year or more  
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his fayther did afore ;  
And now to die, and in his bed—the season just begun—  
“It made him fret,” the doctor said, “as it might do any one.”

And when the young sharp lawyer came to see him sign his will,  
Squire made me blow my horn outside as we were going to kill ;  
And we turned the hounds out in the court—that seemed to do  
him good ;

For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill Wood.

But then the fever it rose high and he would go see the room  
Where mistress died ten years ago when Lammastide shall come ;  
I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke down ;  
Moreover, the town-hall was burnt at Steeple Dinton Town.

It might be two, or half-past two, the wind seemed quite asleep ;  
Tom, he was off, but I, awake, sat watch and ward to keep ;  
The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer fell,  
When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret bell.

That hadn't been heard for twenty year, not since the Luddite days.  
Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house a-blaze  
Had sure not scared us half so much, and out we ran like mad,  
I, Tom and Joe, the whipper-in, and t' little stable lad.

“He's killed himself,” that's the idea that came into my head ;  
I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowly was dead ;  
When all at once a door flew back, and he met us face to face ;  
His scarlet coat was on his back, and he looked like the old race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, and crying like a child ;  
The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked fierce and  
wild ;

“Saddle me Lightning Bess, my men,” that's what he said to me ;  
“The moon is up, we're sure to find at Stop or Etterly.

“Get out the dogs ; I'm well to-night, and young again and sound,  
I'll have a run once more before they put me under ground ;

They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall be said  
That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his bed.

"Brandy !" he cried ; " a tumbler full, you women howling there ;"  
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long gray hair,  
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip, though he was old  
and weak ;

There was a devil in his eye that would not let me speak.

We loosed the dogs to humor him, and sounded on the horn ;  
The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard Bourne ;  
I buckled Lightning's throat-lash fast ; the Squire was watching  
me ;

He let the stirrups down himself so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare, and, ere I well could mount,  
He drove the yard gate open, man, and called to old Dick Blount,  
Our huntsman, dead five years ago —for the fever rose again,  
And was spreading like a flood of flame fast up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to call us on,  
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing he was  
gone ;

We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out,  
And down the covert ride we heard the old Squire's parting shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail  
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half way down the vale ;  
I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing could turn him back ;  
And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave old pack.

'Twas like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode free and fast,  
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be passed,  
For it was swollen with the rain ; but ah, 'twas not to be ;  
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad breast of the  
sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got her  
stride ;

She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down side ;  
We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and, as we stood us there,  
Two fields beyond we saw the Squire fall stone dead from the mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry the hounds went out of sight;  
 A cloud came over the broad moon and something dimmed our  
 sight,

As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under breath;  
 And that's the way I saw th' owd Squire ride boldly to his death.

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## SCHNEIDER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAY OF LEAH.

I vant to dold you vat it is, dot's a putty nice play. De first dime dot you see Leah, she runs cross a pridge, mit some fellers chasin' her mit putty big shticks. Dey *ketch* her right in de middle of der edge, und her leader (dot's de villen) he sez of her, "Dot it's better ven she *dies*, und dot he coodent allow it dot she can *lif*." Und de *oder* fellers hollers out, "So ve vill;" "Give her some deth;" "Kill her putty quick;" "Shmack her of der jaw," und such dings; und chust as dey vill kill her, de priest says of dem, "Don'd you do dot," und dey shtop dot putty quick. In der nexd seen, dot Leah meets Rudolph (dot's her feller) in de voods. Before dot he comes in, she sits of de bottom of a cross, und she don't look putty *lifely*, und she says, "Rudolph, Rudolph, how is dot, dot you don'd come und see about me? You didn't shpeak of me for tree days long. I vant to dold you vot it is, dot ain't some luf. I don'd like dot." Vell, Rudolph he don'd vas dere, so he coodent sed something. But ven he comes in, she dells of him dot she lufs him *orful*, und he says dot he guess he lufs her orful too, und vants to know vood she leef dot place, und go oud in some oder country mit him. Und she says, "I told you, I vill;" und he says, "Dot's all right," und he tells her he vill meet her soon, und dey vill go vay dogedder. Den he *kisses* her und goes oud, und she feels honkey dorey 'bout dot.

Vell, in der nexd seen, Rudolph's old man finds oud all about dot, und he don'd feel putty *goot*; und he says of Rudolph, "Vood you leef *me*, und go mit dot gal?" und Rudolph feels putty bad. He don'd know vot he shall do. Und der old man he says, "I dold you vot I'll do. De skoolmaster (dot's de villen) says dot she mighd dook some money to go vay. Now, Rudolph, my poy, I'll give de skoolmaster some money to gif do her, und if she don'd dook dot money, I'll let you marry dot gal." Ven Rudolph hears dis, he chumps mit joyness, und says, "Fader, fader, dot's all righd. I baed you anydings she woodent dook dot money." Vell, de old man gif de skoolmaster de money, und dells him dot he shali offer dot of her. Vell, dot pluddy skoolmaster comes back und says dot Leah dook dot gold righd away ven she didn't do dot. Den de old man says, "Didn't I told you so?" und Rudolph gets so vild dot he svears dot she can't haf someding more to do mit him. So ven Leah vill meet him in de voods, he don'd vas dere, und she feels orful, und goes away. Bime-by she comes up to Rudolph's house. She feels putty bad, and she knocks of de door. De old man comes oud, und says, "Got oud of dot, you orful vooman. Don'd you come round after my poy again, else I put you in de dooms." Und she says, "Chust let me see Rudolph vonce, und I vill vander away." So den Rudolph comes oud, und she vants to rush of his arms, but dot pluddy fool voodent allow dot. He chucks her away, und says, "Don'd you touch me uf you please, you deceitfulness gal." I dold you vat it is, dot looks *ruff* for dot poor gal. Und she is extonished, und says, "Vot is dis about dot?" Und Rudolph, orful mad, says, "Got oudsiedt, you ignomonous vooman." Und she feels so orful she coodent said a vord, und she goes oud.

Afterwards, Rudolph gits married to anoder gal in a shurch. Vell, Leah, who is vandering eferyveres, happens to go in dot shurch-yard to cry, chust at de *same* dime of Rudolph's marriage, which she don'd know someding

aboud. Putty soon she hears de organ, und she says dere is some beeples gitten married, und dot it vill do her unhappiness goot if she sees dot. So she looks in de vinder, und ven she sees who dot is, my graciousness, don'd she holler, und shvears vengeance! Putty soon Rudolph chumps oud into der shurch-yard to got some air. He says he don'd feel putty goot. Putty soon dey see each oder, und dey had a orful dime. He says of her, "Leah, how is dot you been here?" Und she say mit big scornfulness, "How is dot, you got cheek to talk of me afder dot vitch you hafe done?" Den he says, "Vell, vot for you dook dot gold, you false-hearted leetle gal?" Und she says, "Vot gold is dot? I didn't dook some gold." Und he says, "Don'd you dold a lie about dot?" She says slowly, "I dold you I didn't dook some gold. Vot gold is dot?" Und den Rudolph tells her all about dot, und she says, "Dot is a orful *lie*. I didn't seen some gold;" und she adds mit much sarkasmness, "Und you believed I dook dot gold? Dot's de vorst I efer heered. Now, on account of dot, I vill give you a few gurses." Und den she svears mit orful voices dot Mister Kain's gurse should git on him, und dot he coodent never git any happiness eferyvere, no matter vere he is. Den she valks off. Vell, den a long dime passes away, und den you see Rudolph's farm. He has got a nice vife, und a putiful leetle child. Purty soon Leah comes in, being shased, as ushual, by fellers mit shticks. She looks like she didn't ead someding for two monds. Rudolph's wife sends off dot mop, und Leah gits away again. Den dot nice leetle child comes oud, und Leah comes back; und ven she sees dot child, don'd she feel orful about dot, und she says mit affectfulness, "Come here, leedle child, I vooden'd harm you;" und dot nice leedle child goes righd up, und Leah grabs her in her arms, und gries, und kisses her. Oh, my graciousness, don'd she grie about dot!

Und den she say vile she gries, "Leedle childs, don'd

you got some names?" Und dot leedle child shpeaks oud so nice, piess her leedle hard, und says, "Oh, yes. My name, dot's Leah, and my papa tells me dot I shall pray for you efery nighd." Oh, my goodnessness, don'd Leah gry orful ven she hears dot! I dold you vot it is, dot's a shplaindid ding. Und quick comes dem tears in your eyes, und you look up at de vall, so dot nobody can'd see dot, und you make oud you don'd care about it. But your eyes gits fulled up so quick dot you couldn'd keep dem in, und de tears comes down of your face like a shnow-storm, und den you don'd care if eferybody sees dot. Und Leah kisses her und gries like dot her heart's broke, und she dooks off dot gurse from Rudolph and goes away. De child den dell her fader und muder about dot, und dey pring her pack. Den dot mop comes back und vill kill her again, but she exposes dot skoolmaster, dot villain, und dot fixes him. Den she falls down in Rudolph's arms, und your eyes gits fulled up again, and you can'd see someding more. You couldn't help dot any vay. Und if I see a gal vot don'd gry in dot piece, I voodn't marry dot gal, efen if her fader owned a pig prewery. But I told you vat it is, dot's a putty piece.

UNCLE SCHNEIDER.

## LOVE ON THE HALF-SHELL.

D. L. PROUDFIT.

A Ballad of Oyster Bay.

*[This selection should be read with a moderate stutter.]*

I ain't anybody in particular,  
 And never cal'clated to be;  
 I'm aware that my views doesn't signify  
 Except to Belinda and me;  
 But I'm heavy on openin' oysters—  
 In regards to them I am free

To remark that for shellin' of Blue Points,  
There is few that can lay over me.

Excuse my perffessional blowin',  
It isn't the point I would make,  
But I'm feelin' particular airy,  
And uncommonly wide awake ;  
And I've got to be talkin' about it,  
It won't lay quiet, you see ;  
Which the name of the girl is Belinda,  
That's took an affection for me.

It's surprisin'—the fact is surprisin'—  
Just cast your eye over this frame !  
Is there anything 'specially gallus  
Which characterizes the same ?  
As a model for makin' wax figgers  
I shouldn't make much of a stir ;  
But I ain't a-goin' to worry,  
So long as I'm pleasin' to her.

An impediment hinders my speakin'  
As I should admire to do ;  
As an elocutin' perffessor  
My scholars would likely be few ;  
But she said, when I mentioned it to her,  
“ Why, dear, don't you fret, for, you see,  
You tell me you love me, my darling,  
And your voice is like music to me.”

I was never indicted for intellect,  
Nor never arrested for cheek ;  
But I'm holdin' my head elevated  
Since Thursday night was a week ;  
For that wus the date when Belinda  
Allowed she was partial to me,  
And give me a relish for livin',  
And a notion of workin' for she.

She isn't egzactly a beauty,  
And also she uses a crutch ;

But the eyes of that dear little cripple  
The heart of an oyster would touch.  
They is wonderful soft, and so lovin',  
A good-lookin' face on the whole,  
Fur the light in them eyes seems to travel  
Right out from a beautiful soul.

If she had been lively and hearty  
I couldn't have helped her, you see ;  
And similar, then, it ain't likely  
That she would have took up with me ;  
And I shouldn't have knowed her and loved her,  
So patient and gentle and sweet ;  
And I wish that the whole of creation  
I could lay at her poor little feet.

I was never so chirk and galloptious,  
And never before felt so spry ;  
And I've just took to noticin' lately  
How amazin'ly blue is the sky ;  
And how gay is the stars in the night-time,  
A-winkin' and glimmerin' down—  
Good gracious ! I come near forgettin'  
That barrel of oysters for Brown !

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## FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION.

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Abridged for Public Reading.*

Father Blake was more familiarly known by the name of Father Phil. By either title, or in whatever capacity, the worthy Father had great influence over his parish, and there was a free-and-easy way with him. even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed wonderfully with the devil-may-care spirit of Paddy. Stiff and starched formality in any way is repugnant to the very nature of Irishmen. There are forms, it is true, and many in the Romish

Church, but they are not *cold* forms, but *attractive* rather, to a sensitive people ; besides, I believe those very forms, when observed the least formally, are the most influential on the Irish.

With all his intrinsic worth, Father Phil was, at the same time, a strange man in exterior manners ; for with an abundance of real piety, he had an abruptness of delivery, and a strange way of mixing up an occasional remark to his congregation in the midst of the celebration of the mass, which might well startle a stranger ; but this very want of formality made him beloved by the people, and they would do ten times as much for Father Phil as for the severe Father Dominick.

On the Sunday in question Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary ; and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favorable to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most convincing manner ; and as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reprov'd very smartly by his Reverence in the very midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Father was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a sidelong glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus :

“ *Agnus Dei*— You'd better jump over the rails of the

althar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there—"

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

"*Orate, fratres!*— Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out o' that? There's room below there. Thru for you, Mrs. Finn—it's a shame for him to be thramplin' on you. Go along, Darby Casy, down there, and kneel in the rain—it's a pity you haven't a decent woman's cloak under you, indeed! *Orate, fratres!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil—"here it is, and no denying it—down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up those to honor who have contributed to the uphowlding of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to lave His house in such a condition? and doesn't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of your duty? aren't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? Oh, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bittther cowlds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you; and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs too, for don't I see this

minute a strame o' wather that might turn a mill running down Micky Mackavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who certainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughin' you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *that he might reprove it*. "Laughin' is it you are, at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God—laughin' because when you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are undher rain that might turn a mill—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha, ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see—very well, very well—take care, then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you malefactors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say, your mild, quiet poor fool of a pasthor (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!) and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you were made of, and then the rain might melt you if *I* couldn't; but no, them naked rafters grins in your face to no purpose—you chate the house of God—but take care, maybe you won't chate the divil so aisy." (Here there was a sensation.) "Ha, ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you;

you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something better—but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. Oh, dear! dear! dear! I'm ashamed of you—throth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that! the house of God to be like a stable! for though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

“And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics.”

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SUBSCRIPTION LIST

FOR THE REPAIRS AND ENLARGEMENT OF BALLYSLOUGHGUTTHERY CHAPEL.

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

Micky Hickey, £0 7s. 6d. “He might as well have made it ten shillings; but half a loaf is bettther than no bread.”

“Plaze your Reverence,” says Mick, from the body of the chapel, “sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings.” (A laugh.)

“Oh, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be bettther for you, Micky.”

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.”

Billy Riley, £0 3s. 4d. “Of course he means to subscribe again!”

John Dwyer, £0 15s. 0d. “That's sòomething like! I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o' paint for the althar; it's as black as a crow, instead o' being white as a dove.”

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers as follows:

Peter Hefferman, £0 1s. 8d.

James Murphy, £0 2s. 6d.

Mat Donovan, £0 1s. 3d.

Luke Dannelly, £0 3s. 0d.

Jack Quigly, £0 2s. 1d.

Pat Finnegan, £0 2s. 2d.

EDWARD O'CONNOR, Esq., £2 0s. 0d. "There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq.—*a Protestant in the parish*—two pounds."

"Long life to him!" cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen!" said Father Phil; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, £0 2s. 6d.

Young Nicholas Fagan, £0 5s. 0d. "Young Nick is better than ould Nick, you see."

Tim Doyle, £0 7s. 6d.

Owny Doyle, £1 0s. 0d. "Well done, Owny na Coppal—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary, £0 2s. 6d.; Bridget Murphy, £0 10s. 0d. "You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon: a lone widow woman gives more than you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jude Moylan, £0 5s. 0d. "Very good, Judy, the women are behaving like gentlemen; they'll have their reward in the next world."

Pat Finnerty, £0 8s. 4d. "I'm not sure if it is 8s. 4d. or 3s. 4d., for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8s. 4d."

"It was three and fourpence I gave your Reverence," said Pat from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure, you wouldn't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yis, I would; that's the rule of backgammon, you know, Pat. When I hit the mark, you pay for it."

Here his Reverence turned around, as if looking for some one, and called out, "Rafferty ! Rafferty ! Rafferty ! Where are you, Rafferty ?"

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued—

"There now, be active—I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you—and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him !"

SQUIRE EGAN, £5 0s. 0d. "Squire Egan—five pounds—listen to that—a *Protestant in the parish*—five pounds ! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves if you don't take care."

Mrs. Flanagan, £2 0s. 0d. "Not her own parish, either—a fine lady."

James Milligan of Roundtown, £1 0s. 0d. "And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown have not been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roundtown—I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in the most extraordinary manner : "James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound ; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound ; Sam Finnegan of Roundtown, one pound ; James Casey of Roundtown, one town ; Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round—pound, I mane ; Pat Roundpound—Pounden, I mane—Pat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also—there's an example for you !—

"But what are you about, Rafferty ? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours—you are not a good gleaner—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets—I suppose they will give something

to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a thrifle, Kitty— Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you."

Matthew Lavery, £0 2s. 6d. "*He* doesn't belong to Roundtown—Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the Church. Mark my words! Roundtown will prosper from this day out—Roundtown will be a rising place."

Mark Hennessy, £0 2s. 6d.; Luke Clancy, £0 2s. 6d.; John Doolin, £0 2s. 6d. "One would think they had all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings among them. Oh, they are apostles not worthy the name—we'll call them the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.) "Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you." (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I'll make it ten shillin's, your Reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

"Hennessy, your Reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke and John will follow your example?"

"We will, your Reverence."

"Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we'll call you now the faithful apostles—and I think the change in your name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you."

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? thry back—Ha! see that, she had her money ready if you only asked her for it—don't go by that other woman there— Oh, ho! So you won't give anything, ma'am? You ought to be ashamed

of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well now, afther that, remember—I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fi'penny pieces."

Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1 0s. 0d. "It's not his parish, and he's a brave gentleman."

Miss Fanny Dawson, £1 0s. 0d. "*A Protestant out of the parish*, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh, faith, the Protestants is shaming you!"

Dennis Fannin, £0 7s. 6d. "Very good indeed, for a working mason."

Jemmy Riley, £0 5s. 0d. "Not bad for a hedge carpenter."

"I gave you ten, plaze your Reverence," shouted Jemmy; "and by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil; "I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther: and indeed myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence

to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations—*they* were again a reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and, with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to Heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "*Orate, fratres!*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are of not unfrequent occurrence in Ireland—that country so long suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

Oh, rulers of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love, whom all your severity has been unable to *drive*?

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## A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

MARK TWAIN.

Will the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,  
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!  
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,

A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,  
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,  
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

## CHORUS.

Punch, brothers! punch with care!  
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper, a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen; but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step, and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed, and rolled, tossed and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!" By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marveled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings: "Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfill an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. —, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. — talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. — said:

“Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something; do!”

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: “Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the *passenjare*!”

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said:

“I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad; and yet—maybe it was the way you *said* the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is—”

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking “blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the *passenjare*.” I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden Mr. — laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted:

“Oh, wake up! wake up! wake up! Don’t sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it! look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have traveled; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?”

I sighed wearily, and murmured:

“A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the *passenjare*.”

Rev. Mr. — stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said:

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before ; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said :

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. —— said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing ; and I did sing for half an hour, straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said :

"Haven't we had a royal good time! But now I remember, you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something!"

The Rev. Mr. —— turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness :

"Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the *passenjare*!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! *he* has got it now."

I did not see Mr. —— for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn ; he

was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face and said :

“ Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend, who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the train started and the car-wheels began their ‘ clack-clack-clack-clack! clack-clack-clack-clack!’ and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. Why, I was as fagged out then as if I had been chopping wood all day. My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and—well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. ‘ Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a buff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare—and so on, and so on, and so on—*punch* in the presence of the passenjare!’ Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don’t ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could; but every solemn individual sentence was meshed and tangled and woven in and out with ‘ Punch, brothers! punch with care! punch in the presence of the passenjare.’ And the most distressing thing was that my *delivery* dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding *time* to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the

entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their head in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the anteroom in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said :

“ ‘ Oh, oh, he is gone, he is gone, and I didn’t see him before he died !’

“ ‘ Yes !’ I said, ‘ he *is* gone, he *is* gone, he *is* gone—oh, *will* this suffering never cease ?’

“ ‘ You loved him, then ! Oh, you too loved him !’

“ ‘ Loved him ! Loved *who* ?’

“ ‘ Why, my poor George ! my poor nephew !’

“ ‘ Oh—*him* ! Yes—oh, yes, yes. Certainly—certainly. Punch—punch—oh, this misery will kill me !’

“ ‘ Bless you ! bless you, sir, for those sweet words ! I, too, suffer in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments ?’

“ ‘ Yes ! I—*whose* last moments ?’

“ ‘ *His*. The dear departed’s.’

“ ‘ Yes ! Oh, yes—yes—*yes* ! I suppose so, I think so, I don’t know ! Oh, certainly—I was there—I was there !’

“ ‘ Oh, what a privilege ! what a precious privilege. And his last words—oh, tell me—tell me his last words ! What did he say ?’

“ ‘ He said—he said—oh, my head, my head, my head ! He said—he said—he never said *anything* but Punch, punch, *punch* in the presence of the passenjare ! Oh, leave me, madam ! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair !—a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare—endu-rance *can* no fur-ther go !—PUNCH in the presence of the passenjare !’ ”

My friend’s hopeless eyes rested on mine a pregnant minute, and then he said impressively :

“Mark, you do not say anything. You do not offer me any hope. But, ah me, it is just as well—it is just as well. You could not do me any good. The time has long gone by when words could comfort me. Something tells me that my tongue is doomed to wag forever to the jigger of that remorseless jingle. There—there it is coming on me again: a blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a—”

Thus murmuring faint and fainter, my friend sank into a peaceful trance, and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite.

How did I finally save him from the asylum? I took him to a neighboring university, and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the eager ears of the poor unthinking students. How is it with *them*, now? The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across those merciless rhymes, to avoid them—avoid them as you would a pestilence!

## THE BIRTH OF IRELAND.

*From the National Teacher's Monthly.*

“With due condescension, I'd call your attention to what I shall  
mention of Erin so green,  
And, without hesitation, I'll show how that nation became, of crea-  
tion, the gem and the queen.

“'Twas early one morning, without any warning, that Vanus was  
born in the beautiful Say;  
And, by the same token, and sure 'twas provoking, her pinions  
were soaking, and wouldn't give play.

“Old Neptune, who knew her, began to pursue her, in order to  
woo her—the wicked old Jew—

And almost had caught her atop of the water—great Jupiter's daughter!—which never would do.

“But Jove, the great Janus, looked down and saw Vanus and Neptune so heinous pursuing her wild,  
And he spoke out in thunder he'd rend him asunder—and sure 'twas no wonder—for tazing his child.

“A star that was flying hard by him espying, he caught with small trying and down let it snap;  
It fell quick as winking on Neptune a-sinking, and gave him, I'm thinking, a bit of a rap.

“*That star it was dryland, both lowland and highland, and formed a sweet island, the land of my birth:*

Thus plain is the story that, sent down from glory, old Erin *asthore* is the gem of the earth!

“Upon Erin nately jumped Vanus so stately, but fainted *kase* lately so hard she was pressed;

Which much did bewilder, but, ere it had killed her, her father distilled her a drop of the best.

“That sup was victorious; it made her feel glorious—a little uproarious, I fear it might prove—

So how can ye blame us that Ireland's so famous for drinking and beauty, for fighting and love?”

## THE IRISHMAN'S PANORAMA.

Kindness of MR. JAS. BURDETTE, Humorist and Dramatic Recitationist.

Ladies and Gintlemin: In the foreground over there ye's 'll obsarve Vinegar Hill, an' should yer be goin' by that way some day, yer moight be fatigued, an' if ye are yer'll foind at the fut of the hill a nate little cot kept by a man named McCarty, who, by the way, is as foine a lad as you'll mate in a day's march. I see by the hasp on the door that McCarty is out, or I'd tak' yes in an' introduce yes. A foine, ginerous, noble feller is this McCarty.

Shure an' if he had but the wan peratie he'd give yes the half of that, and phat's more, he'd thank ye for takin' it. (James, move the crank! Larry, music on the bag-pipes!)

Ladies and Gintlemin: We've now arrived at a beautiful spot, situated about twenty miles this side o' Limerick. To the left over there yer'll see a hut, by the side of which issated a lady and gintleman; well, as I was goin' that way wan day I heard the following conversation betwixt him an' her. Says she to him: "James, it's a shame for yer to be tratin' me so; d'ye moind the toime yer used to come to me father's castle a-beggin'?" "Yer father's castle—*me*? Well, thin! ye could sthand on the outside of yer father's castle, an' stick yer arm down the chimney an' pick praties out of the pot, an' divil a partition betwixt you and the pigs but sthraw." (Move the crank, etc.)

Ladies an' Gintlemin: We have now arrived at the beautiful an' classical Lakes of Killarney. There's a curious legend connected wid dese lakes that I must relate to you. It is that every evenin' at four o'clock in the afternoon a beautiful swan is seen to make its appearance, an' while movin' transcendently an' glidelessly along, ducks its head, skips under the water, an' you'll not see him till the next afternoon. (Turn the crank, etc.)

Ladies an' Gintlemin: We have now arrived at another beautiful spot, situated about thirteen and a half miles this side of Cork. This is a grate place, noted for sportsmin. Wanst, while sthoppin' over there at the hotel de Finney, the following tilt of a conversation occurred betwixt Mr. Muldooney, the waiter, and meself. I says to him says I, "Mully, old boy, will you have the kindness to fetch me the mustard?" and he was a long time bringin' it, so I opportuned him for kapin' me. An' says he to me, says he, "Mr. McCune" (that's me), "I notice that you take a grate dale of mustard wid your mate." "I do," says I. Says he, "I notice you take a blame sight of mate wid your mustard." (Move the crank, etc.)

Ladies an' Gintlemin: We now skhip acrost the broad Atlantic to a wonderful spshot in America, situated a few miles from Chinchinnatti, Ohoho, called the Falls of Niagara. While lingerin' here wan day I saw a young couple, evidently very sweet on aich other. Av coorse I tuk no notice of phat they were sayin', but I couldn't help listenin' to the followin' extraordinary conversation. Says he to her: "Isn't it wonderful to see that tremindous amount of water comin' down over that terrible precipice. "Yis, darlint," says she, "but wouldn't it be far more wonderful to see the same tremindous body of water a-goin' *up* that same precipice?" (Move the crank, etc.)

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## MONEY MUSK.

BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

*Abridged for Public Reading.*

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Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys—  
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys—  
As they stripped the husks with rustling fold  
From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,

By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls,  
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes  
In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,  
From the hermit glim set up within;

By the rarer light in girlish eyes  
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies.  
I hear the laugh when the ear is red,  
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,  
The cider cup that the girls have kissed.  
And I see the fiddler through the dusk  
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"

The boys and girls in a double row  
 Wait face to face till the magic bow  
 Shall whip the tune from the violin,  
 And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

## MONEY MUSK.

In shirt of check, and tallowed hair,  
 The fiddler sits in the bulrush chair  
 Like Moses' basket stranded there  
     On the brink of Father Nile.  
 He feels the fiddle's slender neck,  
 Picks out the note, with thrum and check;  
 And times the tune with nod and beck,  
     And thinks it a weary while.  
 All ready! Now he gives the call,  
 Cries, "*Honor to the ladies!*" All  
 The jolly tides of laughter fall  
     And ebb in a happy smile.

"*Begin.*" D-o-w-n comes the bow on every string,  
 "*First couple join right hands and swing!*"  
 As light as any blue-bird's wing  
     "*Swing once and a half times round.*"

Whirls Mary Martin all in blue—  
 Calico gown and stockings new,  
 And tinted eyes that tell you true,  
     Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown,  
 Who holds her hands to keep her down  
 And thinks her hair a golden crown,  
     And his heart turns over once!  
 His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,  
 It gives a second somerset!  
 He means to win the maiden yet,  
     Alas, for the awkward dance!

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe!"  
 "I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe!"  
 "You clumsy fellow!" "*Pass below!*"  
     And the first pair dance apart.

Then "*Forward six!*" advance, retreat,  
 Like midges gay in sunbeam street  
 'Tis Money Musk by merry feet  
 And the Money Musk by heart!

"*Three quarters round your partner swing!*"  
 "*Across the set!*" The rafters ring,  
 The girls and boys have taken wing  
 And have brought their roses out!  
 'Tis *Forward six!*" with rustic grace,  
 Ah, rarer far than—" *Swing to place!*"  
 Than golden clouds of old point-lace  
 They bring the dance about.

Then clasping hands all—" *Right and left!*"  
 All swiftly weave the measure deft  
 Across the woof in loving weft,  
 And the Money Musk is done!  
 Oh, dancers of the rustling husk,  
 Good night, sweet hearts, 'tis growing dusk,  
 Good night for aye to Money Musk,  
 For the heavy march begun!

## THE SHIP OF FAITH.

ANON.

A certain colored brother had been holding forth to his little flock upon the ever-fruitful topic of *Faith*, and he closed his exhortation about as follows:

My bruddren, ef yous gwine to git saved, you got to git on board de Ship ob Faith. I tell you, my bruddren, dere ain't no odder way. Dere ain't no gitten up de back stairs, nor goin' 'cross lots; you can't do dat away, my bruddren, you got to git on board de Ship of Faith. Once 'pon a time dere was a lot ob colored people, an' dey was all gwine to de promised land. Well, dey knowed dere want no odder way for 'em to do but to git on board de Ship of

Faith. So dey all went down an' got on board, de ole gran-faders, an' de ole granmudders, an' de pickaninnies, an' all de res' ob 'em. Dey all got on board 'ceptin' one mons'us big feller, he said he's gwine to swim, *he* was. "W'y!" dey said, "you can't swim so fur like dat. It am a powerful long way to de promised land!" He said, "I kin swim anywhur, I kin. I git board no boat, no, 'deed!" Well, my bruddren, all dey could say to dat poor disluded man dey couldn't git him on board de Ship of Faith, so dey started off. De day was fair, de win' right; de sun shinin' and ev'ryt'ing b'utiful, an' dis big feller he pull off his close and plunge in de water. Well, he war a powerful swimmer, dat man, 'deed he war; he war dat powerful he kep' right 'long side de boat all de time; he kep' a hollerin' out to de people on de boat, sayin': "What you doin' dere, you folks, brilin' away in de sun; you better come down heah in de water, nice an' cool down here." But dey said: "Man alive, you better come up here in dis boat while you got a chance." But he said, "No, indeedy! I git aboard no boat; I'm havin' plenty fun in de water." Well, bimeby, my bruddren, what you tink dat pore man seen? *A horrible, awful shark*, my bruddren; mouf wide open, teef more'n a foot long, ready to chaw dat pore man all up de minute he catch him. Well, when he seen dat shark he begun to git awful scared, an' he holler out to de folks on board de ship: "Take me on board, take me on board, quick!" But dey said: "No, indeed; you wouldn't come up here when you had an invite, you got to swim now."

He look over his shoulder an' he seen dat shark a-comin', an' he let hisself out. Fust it was de man an' den it was de shark, an' den it was de man again, dat away, my bruddren, *plum to de promised land*. Dat am de blessed troof I'm a tellin' you dis minute. But what do you t'ink was a-waitin' for him on de odder shore when he got dere? *A horrible, awful lion*, my bruddren, was a-stan'in'

dere on de shore, a-lashin' his sides wid his tail, an' a-roarin' away fit to devour dat poor nigger de minit he git on der shore. Well he *war* powerful scared den, he don't know what he gwine to do. If he stay in de water de shark eat him up; if he go on de shore de lion eat him up; he dunno what to do. But he put his trust in de Lord, an' went for de shore. Dat lion he give a fearful roar an' bound for him; but, my bruddren, as sure as you 'live an' breeve, dat horrible awful lion he jump clean ober dat pore feller's head into de water; an' *de shark eat de lion*. But, my bruddren, don't you put your trust in no sich circumstance; dat pore man he done git saved, but I tell you *de Lord ain't a-gwine to furnish a lion for every nigger!*

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## PUP-PUP-POETRY.

PUNCH.

I have found a gig-gig-girl for my fuf-fuf-fair,

I have found where the rattlesnakes bub-bub-breed;

Will you co-co-come, and I'll show you the bub-bub-bear,

And the lions and tit-tit-tigers at fuf-fuf-feed.

I know where the co-co-cockatoo's song

Makes mum-mum-melody through the sweet vale;

Where the mum-monkey's gig-gig-grin all the day long,

Or gracefully swing by the tit-tail.

You shall pip-play, dear, some did-did-delicate joke,

With the bub-bub-bear on the tit-tit-top of his pip-pip-pole;

But observe 'tis forbidden to pip-poke

At the bub-bub-bear with your pip pip-pink pip-pip-pip-parasol.

You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-play;

You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-stit-ately raccoon,

And then, did-dear, together we'll stray

To the cage of the bub-bub-blue-faced bab-bab-baboon.

You wished (I r-r-remembered it well,

And I lul-lul-loved you the m-m-more for the wish)

To witness the bub-bub-beautiful pip-pip-pelican

Swallow the l-l-live little fuf-fuf-fish.

## A SENATOR ENTANGLED.

JAMES DE MILLE.

*From The Dodge Club.*

Our Senator was a man who by mere force of character, apart from the adventitious aids of culture and refinement, had attained wealth and position. He found it agreeable—as so many other Americans have done—to take a trip abroad.

He chanced to be in Florence during the recent struggle for Italian independence. His friend, the Minister, took him to the houses of the leaders of society, and introduced him as an eminent American statesman and member of the Senate.

Could any recommendation be equal to that? Republicanism ran high. America was synonymous with the Promised Land. To be a statesman in America was as great a dignity as to be prince in any empire on earth.

So if the Florentines received the Senator with boundless hospitality, it was because they admired his country, and revered his dignity. They liked to consider the presence of the American Minister and Senator as an expression of the good-will of the American government. They were determined to lionize him. It was a new sensation to the Senator.

For two or three days he was the subject of an eager contest among all the leaders of society. At length there appeared upon the scene the great Victrix in a thousand contests such as these. The others fell back discomfited, and the Senator became her prey.

The Countess di Nottinero was not exactly a Recamier, but she was a remarkably brilliant woman, and the acknowledged leader of the liberal part of Florentine society.

She was generally known as *La Cica*, a nickname given by her enemies, though what “Cica” meant no one could tell exactly.

*La Cica* did her part marvelously well. She did not speak the best English in the world, yet that could not account for all the singular remarks which she made. Still less could it account for the tender interest of her manner. She had remarkably bright eyes. Why wandered those eyes so often to his, and why did they beam with such devotion—beaming for a moment only to fall in sweet, innocent confusion? *La Cica* had the most fascinating manners, yet they were often perplexing to the Senator's soul. The little offices which she required of him did not appear, in his matter-of-fact eyes, as strictly prudent. The innate gallantry which he possessed carried him bravely along through much that was bewildering to his nerves. Yet he was often in danger of running away in terror.

“The Countess,” he thought, “is a most remarkable fine woman; but she does use her eyes uncommon, and I do wish she wouldn't be quite so demonstrative.”

The good Senator had never before encountered a thorough woman of the world, and was as ignorant as a child of the innumerable little harmless arts by which the power of such a one is extended and secured. At last the Senator came to this conclusion—*La Cica* was desperately in love with him.

She appeared to be a widow. At least, she had no husband that he had ever seen. Now if the poor *Cica* was hopelessly in love, it must be stopped at once. But let it be done delicately, not abruptly.

One evening they walked on the balcony of *La Cica's* noble residence. She was sentimental, devoted, charming.

The conversation of a fascinating woman does not sound so well when reported as it is when uttered. Her power is in her tone, her glance, her manner. Who can catch the evanescent beauty of her expression or the deep tenderness of her well-modulated voice? who indeed?

“Does ze scene please you, my Senator?”

“Very much indeed.”

"Your countrymen haf tol me zey would like to stay here alloway."

"It is a beautiful place."

"Did you aiver see anythin' moaire loafely?" And the Countess looked full in his face.

"Never," said the Senator, earnestly. The next instant he blushed. He had been betrayed into a compliment.

The Countess sighed.

"Helas! my Senator, that it is not pairmitted to moar-tals to 'sociate as zey would laike."

"'Your Senator,'" thought the gentleman thus addressed; "how fond, how tender—poor thing! poor thing!"

"I wish that Italy was nearer to the States," said he.

"How I adamiar your style of mind, so differente from ze Italiana! You are so strong—so nobile. Yet would I laike to see moar of ze poetic in you."

"I always loved poetry, marm," said the Senator, desperately.

"Ah—good—nais—eccelente. I am plees at zat," cried the Countess, with much animation. "You would loafe it moar eef you knew Italiano. Your lingua ees not sufficiente musicale for poatry."

"It is not so soft a language as the Italian."

"Ah—no—not so soft. Very well. And what theenka you of ze Italiano?"

"The sweetest language I ever heard in all my born days."

"Ah, now—you hev not heard much of ze Italiano, my Senator."

"I have heard you speak often," said the Senator, naïvely.

"Ah, you compliment! I sot you was aboove flattera." And the Countess playfully tapped his arm with her little fan.

"What Ingelis poet do you loafe best?"

"Poet! English poet?" said the Senator, with some

surprise. "Oh—why, marm, I think Watts is about the best of the lot!"

"Watt? Was he a poet? I did not know zat. He who invented ze stim-injaine? And yet, if he was a poet, it is naturale zat you loafe him best."

"Steam-engine? Oh, no! This one was a minister."

"A meeneestaire? Ah! an abbé? I know him not. Yet I haf read mos of all youar poets."

"He made up hymns, marm, and psalms—for instance, 'Watts's Divine Hymns and Spiritual Songs.'"

"Songs? Spirituelle? Ah, I mus at once procuaire ze works of Watt, which was favorit poet of my Senator."

"A lady of such intelligence as you would like the poet Watts," said the Senator, firmly. "He is the best known by far of all our poets."

"What! better zan Sakespeare, Milton, Bairo? You mucn surpass me."

"Better known and better loved than the whole lot. Why, his poetry is known by heart through all England and America."

"Merciful Heaven! what you tell me? ees eet possibl? An' yet he is not known here efen by name. It would please me mooch, my Senator, to haire you make one quotatione. Know you Watt? Tell to me some words of his which I may remembraire."

"I have a shocking bad memory."

"Bad memora! Oh, but you remember somethin', zis mos' beaut'ful charm nait—you haf a nobile soul—you mus' be affecta by beauty—by ze ideal. Make for a me one quotatione."

And she rested her little hand on the Senator's arm, and looked up imploringly in his face.

The Senator looked foolish. He felt even more so. Here was a beautiful woman, by act and look showing a tender interest in him. Perplexing—but very flattering, after all. So he replied—

"You will not let me refuse you anything."

"Aha! you are very willing to refuse. It is difficulty for me to excitaire youar regards. You are filled with the grands ideas. But come—will you spik for me some from your favorit Watt?"

"Well, if you wish it so much," said the Senator, kindly; and he hesitated.

"Ah! I do wis it so much!"

'Ehem!'

"Begin," said the Countess. "Behold me. I listen. I hear every sin, and will remembaire it forava."

The only thing that the Senator could think of was a verse which had been running in his head for the last few days, its measured rhythm keeping time with every occupation:

"'My willing soul would stay—'"

"Stop one moment," said the Countess. "I weesh to learn it from you;" and she looked fondly and tenderly up, but instantly dropped her eyes.

"'Ma willina sol wooda sta—'"

"'In such a frame as this,'" prompted the Senator.

"'Een socha framas zees.' Wait—'Ma willina sol wooda sta in soocha frama zees.' Ah, appropriat! but could I hope zat you were true to zose lines, my Senator? Well?"

"'And sit and sing herself away,'" said the Senator, in a faltering voice, and breaking out into a cold perspiration for fear of committing himself by such uncommonly strong language.

"'Ansit ansin hassaf awai,'" repeated the Countess, her face lighting up with a sweetly conscious expression.

The Senator paused.

"Well?"

"I—ehem! I forget."

"Forget? Impossible!"

"I do, really."

"Ah, now! Forget! I see by youar face—you desave. Say on."

The Countess again gently touched his arm with both of her little hands, and held it as though she would clasp it.

"Have you fear? Ah, cruel!"

The Senator turned pale, but, finding refusal impossible, boldly finished:

"'To everlasting bliss'—there!"

"'To affarlastin' blees thar.' Stop. I repeat it all: 'Ma willina sol wooda sta in socha framas zees, ansit ansin hassaf awai to affarlastin blees thar.' Am I right!"

"Yes," said the Senator, meekly.

"I knew you war a poetic sola," said the Countess, confidently. "You are honesto—true—you cannot desave. When you spik I can beliv you. Ah, my Senator! an you can spik zis poetry!—at soch a taim! I nefare knew befoare zat you were so impassione!—an' you air so artaful! You breeng ze confersazione to beauty—to poatry—to ze poet Watt—so you may spik verses mos impassione! Ah! what do you mean? Santissima madre! how I wish you spik Italiano."

The Countess drew nearer to him, but her approach only deepened his perplexity.

"How that poor thing does love me!" sighed the Senator. "Law bless it! she can't help it—can't help it nohow. She is a goner; and what can I do? I'll have to leave Florence."

The Countess was standing close beside him in a tender mood waiting for him to break the silence. How could he? He had been uttering words which sounded to her like love; and she—"a widow! a widow! a widow! wretched man that I am!"

There was a pause. The longer it lasted the more awkward the Senator felt. What upon earth was he to do or say? What business had he to go and quote poetry to widows? What an old fool he must be! But the Countess was very far from feeling awkward. Assuming an elegant

attitude she looked up, her face expressing the tenderest solicitude.

“What ails my Senator?”

“Why, the fact is, marm—I feel sad—at leaving Florence. I must go shortly. My wife has written summoning me home. The children are down with the measles.”

O base fabrication! O false Senator! There wasn’t a word of truth in that remark. You spoke so because you wished *La Cica* to know that you had a wife and family. Yet it was very badly done.

*La Cica* changed neither her attitude nor her expression. Evidently the existence of his wife and the melancholy situation of his unfortunate children awakened no sympathy.

“But, my Senator, did you not say you wooda seeng yourself away to affarlsteen beeles?”

“Oh, marm, it was a quotation—only a quotation.”

But at this critical juncture the conversation was broken up by the arrival of a number of ladies and gentlemen.

## CHRISTMAS-NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

*From Scribner's Monthly.*

ABRIDGED FOR PUBLIC READING.

When merry Christmas-day is done,  
And Christmas-night is just begun;  
While clouds in slow procession drift  
To wish the moon-man “Christmas gift,”  
Yet linger overhead, to know  
What causes all the stir below;  
At Uncle Johnny Booker’s ball  
The darkeys hold high carnival.

\* \* \* \* \*

Original in act and thought,  
Because unlearnèd and untaught,

Observe them at their Christmas party.  
 How unrestrained their mirth—how hearty!  
 How many things they say and do,  
 That never would occur to you!  
 See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace  
 Would sanctify a quarter-race—  
 Out on the crowded floor advance,  
 To “beg a blessin’ on dis dance.”

Oh, Mahsr! let dis gath’rin’ fin’ a blessin’ in yo sight!  
 Don’t jedge us hard for what we does—you know it’s Chrismus  
 night;

An’ all de balunce ob de yeah we does as right’s we kin—  
 Ef dancin’s wrong—oh, Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya’d—workin’ hard, an’ workin’ true—  
 Now, shorely you won’t notus, ef we eats a grape or two,  
 An’ takes a leetle holiday—a leetle restin’-spell—  
 Bekase, nex’ week, we’ll start in fresh, an’ labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr—min’ dis, now—de sinfulness ob sin  
 Is ‘pendin’ ‘pon de sperrit what we goes an’ does it in:  
 An’ in a righchis frame ob min’ we’s gwine to dance an’ sing;  
 A-feelin’ like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—  
 That people raly *ought* to dance when Chrismus comes along;  
 Des dance bekase dey’s happy—like de birds hops in de trees:  
 De pine-top fiddle soundin’ to de bowin’ ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul’s prophet king;  
 We has nò harp to soun’ de chords, to help us out to sing;  
 But ‘cordin’ to de gif’s we has we does de bes’ we knows—  
 An’ folks don’t ‘spise de vi’let-flow’r bekase it ain’t de rose.

You bless us, please sah, eben ef we’s doin’ wrong to-night;  
 Kase den we’ll need de blessin’ more ‘n ef we’s doin’ right;  
 An’ let de blessin’ stay wid us, untell we comes to die,  
 An’ goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anjuls we’s a-gwine to jine ‘em soon:  
 Our voices we’s a-trainin’ for to sing de glory tune;  
 We’s ready when you wants us, an’ it ain’t no matter when—  
 Oh, Mahsr! call yo’ chillen soon, an’ take ‘em home! Amen.

The rev'rend man is scarcely through,  
 When all the noise begins anew,  
 And with such force assaults the ears,  
 That through the din one hardly hears  
 Old Fiddling Josey "sound his A"—  
 Correct the pitch—begin to play—  
 Stop, satisfied—then, with the bow,  
 Rap out the signal dancers know :

*Git yo' pardners, fus kwattilion !*

Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high ;  
 Tune is : " Oh ! dat water-million !

Gwine to git to home bime-bye."

*S'lute yo' pardners !* scrape perlately—

Don't be bumpin' gin de res'—

*Balance all !* now, step out rightly ;

Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.

*Fo'wa'd foah !*—whoop up, niggers !

*Back ag'in !*—don't be so slow—

*Swing cornahs !*—min' de figgers :

When I holler, den yo' go.

*Top ladies cross ober !*

Hol' on, till I takes a dram—

*Gemmen solo !*—yes, *I's* sober—

Kaint say how de fiddle am—

*Hands around !*—hol' up yo' faces,

Don't be lookin' at yo' feet !

*Swing yo' pardners to yo' places !*

Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.

*Sides fo'w'd !*—when you's ready—

Make a bow as low's you kin !

*Swing acrost wid opp'site lady !*

Now we'll let you swap ag'in :

*Ladies change !*—shet up dat talkin' ;

Do yo' talkin arter while—

*Right an' lef' !*—don't want no walkin'—

Make yo' steps an' show yo' style !

\* \* \* \* \*

So wears the night : and wears so fast,  
 All wonder when they find it passed,

And hear the signal sound, to go,  
 From what few cocks are left to crow.  
 'Then one and all you hear them shout:  
 "Hi! Booker! foteh de banjo out,  
 An' gib us *one* song 'fore we goes—  
 One ob de berry bes' you knows!"

Responding to the welcome call,  
 He takes the banjo from the wall,  
 And tunes the strings with skill and care—  
 Then strikes them with a master's air;  
 And tells in melody and rhyme,  
 This legend of the olden time:

Go 'way fiddle!—folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squarkin'  
 Keep silence for yo' betters—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?  
 About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—  
 About de ha'r what isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—  
 For Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—  
 An' so he sot his hands to work a-cl'arin' timber-patches,  
 An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steamah  
 "Natchez."

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';  
 An' all the wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';  
 But Noah didn't min' 'em—knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen:  
 An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—  
 Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!  
 He had a Morgan colt, an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—  
 An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,  
 De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbees;  
 De people all wuz drowneded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,  
 An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin', an' a-sailin', an' a-sailin';  
 De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de pailin'—  
 De sarpints hissed—de painters yelled—tell, what wid all de fussin'  
 You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,  
 Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;  
 An' so, for to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,  
 An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge, an' screws, an'  
 apron;

An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';  
 He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble for to ring it;  
 An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';  
 De ha'rs so long, an' thick, an' strong—des fit for banjo-stringin';  
 Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day dinner graces;  
 An' sorted ob 'em by de size, frum little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz "Nebber min' de  
 wedder"—

She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;  
 Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noan called de figgers—  
 An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes'  
 showin'

Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';  
 An' curi's, too—dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em—  
 For whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

The night is spent; and as the day  
 Throws up the first faint flash of gray,  
 The guests pursue their homeward way;  
 And through the field beyond the gin,  
 Just as the stars are going in,  
 See Santa Claus departing—grieving—  
 His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.  
 His work is done—he fain would rest,  
 Where people know and love him best—  
 He pauses—listens—looks about—  
 But go he must: his pass is out;  
 So, coughing down the rising tears,  
 He climbs the fence and disappears

And thus observes a colored youth—  
 ('The common sentiment, in sooth):  
 "Oh! what a blessing 'tw'u'd ha' been  
 Ef Santy had been born a twin!  
 We'd hab two Christmuses a yeah—  
 Or p'r'aps *one* brudder'd *settle* heah!"

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## A LOVE SONG.

ANON.

Och, Nora, so swate, an' so purty, the darlint!  
 Her cheeks are like pinks shinin' out av the snow;  
 An' her chin—och, my heart, the dimple that's in it!—  
 An' eyes that say yis when her lips utter no.

Her form it is iligant, trim like, an' slinder;  
 An' look at the flowers that are harkin' all 'round  
 To hear is she comin', wid kisses so tinder  
 To give her white fut as it touches the ground!

An' oft do I mind the fust hour of our meetin'—  
 The baste of a dog, he had frightened her so;  
 She sprang to my arms, her poor heart wildly beatin'  
 Wid fear; but i' faith, not a bit did I know

What it was ailin' mine—sich a stir an' commotion  
 Inside of my chist, where her purty head lay,  
 While my breath came in whirls, like the breath of the ocean,  
 An' tripped up the words I was wantin' to say.

An' here am I waitin' an hour in the gloamin  
 Wid cruel lone spells sinkin' down in my heart;  
 Hist! that is hersilf now, so craftily comin'  
 To tase a poor lad wid her guile an' her art.

But ye'll not git away, sure, my beautiful daisy;  
 Rest here in the arms that are lovin' an' strong.  
 Kape still now, mavourneen, ye'd better be aisy—  
 Some other big dog might be comin' along.

## THE STEAMBOAT RACE.

*From the "Gilded Age."*

MARK TWAIN.

Presently the pilot said :

"By George, yonder comes the Amaranth !"

A spark appeared close to the water, several miles down the river. The pilot took his glass and looked at it steadily for a moment, and said, chiefly to himself: "It can't be the Blue Wing; she couldn't pick us up this way. It's the Amaranth, sure."

He bent over a speaking-tube and said :

"Who's on watch down there ?"

A hollow, inhuman voice mumbled up through the tube in answer :

"I am—second engineer."

"Good ! you want to stir your stumps, now, Harry ; the Amaranth's just turned the point, and she's just a humping herself, too !"

The pilot took hold of a rope that stretched out forward, jerked it twice, and two mellow strokes of the big bell responded.

A voice on deck shouted :

"Stand by, down there, with that larboard lead !"

"No, I don't want the lead," said the pilot ; "I want *you*. Roust out the old man—tell him the Amaranth's coming. And go and call Jim—tell *him*."

"Aye ! aye ! sir."

The "old man" was the captain. He is always called so on steamboats and ships. "Jim" was the other pilot. Within two minutes both these men were flying up the pilot-house stairway, three steps at a jump. Jim was in his shirt sleeves, with his coat and vest on his arm. He said :

"I was just turning in. Where's the glass ?"

He took it and looked :

"Don't appear to be any night hawk on the jack's staff; it's the Amaranth, dead sure!"

The captain took a good long look and only said:

"Damnation!"

George Davis, the pilot on watch, shouted to the night watchman on deck:

"How's she loaded?"

"Two inches by the head, sir."

"'Taint enough!"

The captain shouted, now:

"Call the mate. Tell him to call all hands and get a lot of that sugar forrard—put her ten inches by the head. Lively, now!"

"Aye! aye! sir!"

A riot of shouting and trampling floated up from below, presently, and the uneasy steering of the boat soon showed that she was getting "down by the head."

The three men in the pilot-house began to talk in short, sharp sentences, low and earnestly. As their excitement rose, their voices went down. As fast as one of them put down the spy-glass, another took it up—but always with a studied air of calmness. Each time the verdict was:

"She's a-gaining!"

The captain spoke through the tube:

"What steam are you carrying?"

"A hundred and forty-two, sir! but she's getting hotter and hotter all the time."

The boat was straining, and groaning and quivering, like a monster in pain. Both pilots were at work, now, one on each side of the wheel, with their coats and vests off, their bosoms and collars wide open, and the perspiration flowing down their faces. They were holding the boat so close to the shore that the willows swept the guards almost from stem to stern.

"Stand by!" whispered George.

"All ready!" said Jim under his breath.

"Let her come!"

The boat sprang away from the bank like a deer, and darted in a long diagonal toward the other shore. She closed in again and thrashed her fierce way along the willows as before. The captain put down the glass:

"Lord, how she walks up on us! I do hate to be beat!"

The Amaranth was within three hundred yards of the Boreas, and still gaining. The "old man" spoke through the tube:

"What is she carrying now?"

"A hundred and sixty-five, sir."

"How's your wood?"

"Pine all out, cypress half gone—eating up cotton wood like pie!"

"Break into that rosin on the main deck! pile it in—the boat can pay for it!"

Soon the boat was plunging and quivering and screaming more madly than ever. But the Amaranth's head was almost abreast the Boreas' stern.

"How's your steam now, Harry?"

"Hundred and eighty-two, sir."

"Break up the casks of bacon in the forrard hold! Pile it in! Levy on that turpentine in the fantail—drench every stick of wood with it!"

The boat was a moving earthquake by this time.

"How is she now?"

"A hundred and ninety-six and still a-swelling!—water below the middle gauge cocks!—carrying every pound she can stand!—nigger roosting on the safety-valve!"

"Good! How's your draught?"

"Bully! Every time a nigger heaves a stick of wood into the furnace he goes out the chimney with it!"

The Amaranth drew steadily up till her jack staff breasted the Boreas' wheel house—climbed along inch by inch till her chimneys breasted it.

"Jim," said George, looking straight ahead, watching

the slightest yawing of the boat and promptly meeting it with the wheel, "how'll it do to try Murderer's Chute?"

"Well, it's—it's taking chances. How was the cotton wood stump on the false point below Boardman's Island this morning?"

"Water just touching the roots."

"Well, it's pretty close work. That gives six feet scant in the head of Murderer's Chute. We can just barely rub through if we hit it exactly right. But it's worth trying. *She* don't dare tackle it," meaning the Amaranth.

In another instant the Boreas plunged into what seemed a crooked creek, and the lights of the Amaranth were shut out in a moment. Not a whisper was uttered, now, but the three men stared ahead into the shadows, and two of them spun the wheel back and forth with anxious watchfulness, while the steamer tore along. The Chute seemed to come to an end every fifty yards, but always opened out in time. Now the head of it was at hand. George tapped the big bell three times; two leadsmen sprang to their posts, and in a moment their weird cries rose on the night air and were caught up and repeated by two men on the upper deck:

"No-o bottom!"

"Deep four!"

"Half three!"

"Quarter three!"

"Mark under water three!"

"Half twain!"

"Quarter twain!—"

Davis pulled a couple of ropes, there was a jingling of small bells far below, the boat's speed slackened, and the pent steam began to whistle and the gauge cocks to scream:

"By the mark twain!"

"Quarter her—er—less twain!"

"Eight *and* a half!"

"Eight feet!"

"Seven an' a—half!"

Another jingling of little bells and the wheels ceased turning altogether. The whistling of the steam was something frightful now; it almost drowned all other noises.

"Stand by to meet her!"

George had the wheel hard down and was standing on a spoke.

"All ready!"

The boat hesitated, seemed to hold her breath—as did the captain and pilots—and then she began to fall away to starboard, and every eye lighted:

"*Now* then! meet her! meet her! snatch her!" The wheel flew to port so fast that the spokes blended into a spider web, the swing of the boat subsided; she steadied herself.

"Seven feet!"

"Sev—six and a *half*!"

"*Six* feet! Six f——"

Bang! She hit the bottom! George shouted through the tube:

"Spread her wide open! *Whale* it at her!"

The escape pipes belched snowy pillars of steam aloft, the boat groaned and surged and trembled, and slid over into—

"Mark twain!"

"Quarter her!"

Tap! tap! tap! (to signify "lay in the leads.")

And away she went, flying up the willow shore with the whole silver sea of the Mississippi stretching abroad on every hand, and, *no* Amaranth in sight.

## THE SWELL.

GEORGE W. KYLE.

I say! I wonder why fellahs ever wide in horse-cars? I've been twying all day to think why fellahs ever do it, weally! I know some fellahs that are in business, down

town, you know—C. B. Jones, cotton dealer; Smith Brothers, woolen goods; Bwown & Company, stock bwokers and that sort of thing, you know—who say they do it every day. If I was to do it every day, my funeral would come off in about a week. 'Pon my soul, it would. I wode in a horse-car one day. Did it for a lark. Made a bet I would wide in a horse-car, 'pon my soul, I did. So I went out on the pavement before the club-house and called one. I said, "Horse-car! horse-car!" but not one of 'em stopped, weally! Then I saw that fellahs wun after them—played tag with them, you know, as the dweadful little girls do when school is coming out. And sometimes they caught the cars—ah—and sometimes they did not. So I wun after one, I did weally, and I caught it. I was out of breath, you know, and a fellah on the platform—a conductor fellah—poked me in the back and said, "Come! move up! make room for this lady!" Ah—by Jove he did, you know! I looked for the lady so (*eye-glass business*), but I could see no lady, and I said so. There was a female person behind me, with large market-basket, cwordded with ah—vegetables and such dweadful stuff—and another person with a bundle and another with a baby, you know. The person with the basket prodded me in the back with it, and I said to the conductor fellah, said I, "Where shall I sit down? I—ah—I don't see any seat, you know." (*Eye-glass business.*) "The seats seem to be occupied by persons, conductor," said I. "Where shall I sit?"

He was wude, very wude, indeed, and he said, "You can sit on your thumb if you have a mind to." And when I wemonstrated with him upon the impwopwietty of telling a gentleman to sit on his thumb, he told me to go to thunder. "Go to thunder!" he did, indeed. After a while one of the persons got out and I sat down; it was vewy disagweeable! Opposite me there were several persons belonging to the labowing classes, with what I pwesume to be lime on their boots; and tin kettles which they car-

ried for some mysterious purpose in their hands. There was a person with a large basket, and a colored person. Next to me there sat a fellah that had been eating onions ! 'Twas vewy offensive ! I couldn't stand it ! No fellah could, you know. I had heard that if any one in a car was annoyed by a fellah-passenger he should weport it to the conductor. So I said, "Conductor ! put this person out of the car ! he annoys me vewy much. He has been eating onions." But the conductor fellah only laughed. He did, indeed ! And the fellah that had been eating onions said, "Hang yer impidence, what do ye mean by that ?" "It's extwemely disagweeable, you know, to sit near one who has been eating onions," said I. "I think you ought to resign, get out, you know." And then, though I'm sure I spoke in the most wespectfully manner, he put his fist under my nose and wemarked, "You'll eat that, hang you, in a minute !" he did indeed. And a fellah opposite said, "Put a head on him, Jim !" I suppose from his tone that it was some colloquial expression of the lower orders, referring to a personal attack. It was vewy disagweeable, indeed. I don't see why any fellah ever wides in the horse-cars. But I didn't want a wow, you know. A fellah is apt to get a black eye, and a black eye spoils one's appeawance, don't you think ? So I said, "Beg pardon, I'm sure." The fellah said, "Oh, hang you !" he did, indeed. He was a vewy ill-bred person. And all this time the car kept stopping and more persons of the lower orders kept getting on. A very dweadful woman with a vewy dweadful baby stood right before me, intercepting my view of the street ; and the baby had an orange in one hand and some candy in the other. And I was wondering why persons of the lower classes were allowed to have such dirty babies, and why Bergh or some one didn't interfere, you know, when, before I knew what she was doing, that dweadful woman sat that dweadful baby wight down on my lap ! She did, indeed. And it took hold of my shirt

bosom with one of its sticky hands and took my eye-glass away with the other, and upon my honor, I'm quite lost without my eye-glass. "You'll have to kape him till I find me money," said the woman. "Weally!" said I, "I'm not a nursery-maid ma'am." Then the people about me laughed, they did, indeed. I could not endure it. I jumped up and dwopped the baby in the straw. "Stop the car, conductor," said I, "stop the car." What do you suppose he said? "Hurry up now, be lively, be lively, don't keep me waiting all day!" And I was about to wemonstrate with him upon the impwopwietty of speaking so to a gentleman, when he pushed me off the car. That was the only time I ever wode in a horse-car. I wonder why fellahs ever do wide in horse-cars? I should think they would pwefer cabs, you know.

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## THE LITTLE STOW-AWAY.

ANON.

*Abridged for Public Reading.*

\* \* \* "Would ye like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

"'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether, you may think, the cap'n warn't in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-goin' sort of a chap, as nothing on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a pre-

cious hurry, lookin' as if somethin' had put him out pretty considerably.

“ ‘Tom,’ says he, ‘what d’ye think? Blest if we ain’t found a stow-away.’ (That’s the name, you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hide theirselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

“ ‘The dickens you have!’ says I. ‘Who is he, and where did you find him?’

“ ‘Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for’ard; and ten to one we’d never ha’ twigged him at all, if the skipper’s dog hadn’t sniffed him out and begun barkin’. Such a nice little mite as he is, too! I could ha’ most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he look to be a good-plucked un for all that.’

“ I didn’t wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket: and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o’ the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo’c’stle, and in the middle was the fust-mate, lookin’ as black as thunder. Right in front of him, looking a reg’lar mite among them big fellers, was a little bit o’ a lad not ten year old—ragged as a scare-crow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face o’ his own, if it hadn’t been so woful thin and pale. But, bless your soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you’d ha’ thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great hulkin’ black-bearded feller, with a look that ’ud ha’ frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un warn’t a bit afeard—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o’ his’n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halferd himself. Folk did say arterwards” —lowering his voice to a whisper—“as how he comed o’ better blood nor what he seemed; and, for my part, I’m rayther o’ that way o’ thinkin’ myself; for I never yet see’d

a common street Harab—as they calls them now—carry it off like him. You might ha' heered a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

“ ‘Well, you young whelp,’ says he, in his grimmest voice, ‘what’s brought you here ?’

“ ‘It was my step-father as done it,’ says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. ‘Father’s dead, and mother’s married again, and my new father says as how he won’t have no brats about eatin’ up his wages ; and he stowed me away when nobody warn’t lookin’, and guv me some grub to keep me goin’ for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I’m to go to Aunt Jane, at Halifax ; and here’s her address.’ And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o’ paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

“ ‘We all believed every word on’t, even without the paper ; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn’t a ha’porth o’ lyin’ in his whole skin. But the mate didn’t seem to swallow the yarn at all ; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o’ grin, as much as to say, ‘I’m too old a bird to be caught by that kind o’ chaff ;’ and then he says to him, ‘Look here, my lad, that’s all very fine, but it won’t do here—some o’ these men o’ mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of ’em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute ; if you doan’t, it’ll be the worse for you !’

“ The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap !) and says, quietly, ‘I’ve told you the truth ; I ain’t got no more to say.’

“ The mate says nothin’, but looks at him for a minute as if he’d see clean through him ; and then he faced round to the men, lookin’ blacker than ever. ‘Reeve a rope to the yard !’ he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead ; ‘smart now !’

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say: 'What on earth's a-comin' now?' But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

" 'Now, my lad,' says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess; and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awak-in' out of a nap.

" 'Silence, there!' shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' as he held the noose ready to put it round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors (big strong chaps, as could ha' felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang him; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched theirselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a hand-spike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

" 'Tom,' whispers the chief-engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it?'

" 'I don't know,' says I, through my teeth; 'but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!'

"I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; an' the tick o' the mate's watch, regular, pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was, in a way that meant mischief. As

for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

" 'Eight minutes,' says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for ye're time's nearly up.'

" 'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded, and down goes the poor little chap on his knees and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in sich a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir the mate's hard, grim face broke up all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

" 'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you: you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast yer off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax he found out the little un's aunt, and gev her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond of him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish yer good-night."

# "SURLY TIM'S TROUBLE."

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

A LANCASHIRE STORY.

*From Scribner's Monthly.*

ABRIDGED FOR PUBLIC READING.

Surly Tim is represented to have been an operative in one of the large manufactories in the north of England. He had gained the name of "Surly Tim" through his strange demeanor toward his companions, often refusing to answer their questions or perform any of the ordinary civilities, on account of which his fellow workmen had given him the cold shoulder and dubbed him "Surly Tim." But one of the partners of the firm took a great deal of interest in Tim, thinking there must be something beneath the rough exterior, and so endeavored from time to time to draw him out, but without success, until one night, as he was going home, he chanced to pass the village churchyard, and heard a noise as of a man in distress just over the fence. Getting over to speak to him, he discovered that the man was none other than Surly Tim, sitting by two graves, one the longer and the other a shorter. Shortly, being grateful for the sympathy thus extended him, "Surly Tim" begins to tell his story, and why it is that he conducts himself as he does. It seems that some years before he had been married to a very lovely woman; but that she had previously been married to a soldier, one Phil Brent, who had beaten and abused her and finally deserted her and gone into the army, and whom she had heard by letter was killed at the Crimea. Supposing herself free again, of course, she had married Tim. He, after describing the courtship up to a little time before their marriage, says of her in his broad north-of-England dialect:

Rosanna Brent an' me got to be good friends, an' we walked home together o' nights, an' talked about our bits o' wage, an' our bits o' debt, an' th' way that wench 'ud keep me up i' spirits when I were a bit down-hearted about owt, wur just a wonder. An' bein' as th' lass wur so dear to me, I made up my mind to ax her to be summat dearer. So once goin' home wi' her, I takes hold o' her hand an'

lifts it up an' kisses it gentle—as gentle an' wi' summat th' same feelin' as I'd kiss the Good Book.

"'Sanna," I says, "bein' as yo've had so much trouble wi' yo're first chance, would yo' be afeard to try a second? Could yo' trust a mon again? Such a mon as me, 'Sanna?"

"I wouldna be feart to trust thee, 'Tim," she answers back soft an' gentle after a manner. "I wouldna be feart to trust thee any time."

I kisses her hand again, gentler still.

"God bless thee, lass," I says. "Does that mean yes?"

She crept up closer to me i' her sweet, quiet way.

"Aye, lad," she answers. "It means yes, an' I'll bide by it."

"An' tha shalt never rue it, lass," said I. "Tha's gi'en thy life to me, an' I'll gi' mine to thee, sure an' true."

So we wur axed i' th' church th' next Sunday, an' a month fra' then we were wed; an' if ever God's sun shone on a happy mon, it shone on one that day, when we come out o' church together—me an' Rosanna—an' went to our bit o' a home to begin life again. I couldna tell thee, Mester—theer bean't no words to tell how happy an' peaceful we lived fur two year after that. My lass never altered her sweet ways, an' I just loved her to make up to her fur what had gone by. I thanked God-a'-moighty fur his blessin' every day, an' every day I prayed to be made worthy of it. An' here's just wheer I'd like to ax a question, Mester, about summat 'at's worretted me a good deal. I dunnot want to question th' Maker, but I would loike to know how it is 'at sometime it seems 'at we're clean forgot—as if He couldna fash hissen about our troubles, an' most loike left 'em to work out theirsens? Yo' see, Mester, and we aw see sometime, He thinks on us an' gi's us a lift; but hasna tha thysen seen times when tha stopt short and axed thysen, "Wheer's God-a'-moighty, 'at he disna straighten things out a bit? Th' world's i' a power o' a snarl. Th' righteous is forsaken, 'n' his seed's beggin' bread. An' th'

devil's topmost again." I've talked to my lass about it sometime, an' I dunnot think I meant harm, Mester, for I felt humble enough—an' when I talked, my lass she'd listen an' smile soft and sorrowful, but she never gi' me but one answer.

"Tim," she'd say, "this is on'y th' skoo', an' we're the scholars, an' He's teachin' us His way. The Teacher would-na be o' much use, Tim, if the scholars knew as much as he did, an' I allers think it's th' best to comfort mysen wi' sayin', 'The Lord-a'-moighty, he knows.'"

At th' eend o' th' year th' child wur born, th' little lad here," touching the turf with his hand, "'Wee Wattie' his mother ca'd him, an' he wur a fine, lightsome little chap. He filled th' whole house wi' music day in an' day out, crowin' an' crowin'—an' cryin' too, sometime.

Well, Mester, before th' spring wur out Wee Wat was toddlin' round, holdin' to his mother's gown, an' by th' middle o' th' next he was cooin' like a dove, an' prattlin' words i' a voice like hers. Happen we set too much store by him, or happen it wur on'y th' Teacher again teachin' us His way, but howsever that wur, I came home one sunny mornin' fro' th' factory, an' my dear lass met me at th' door all white an' cold, but tryin' hard to be brave an' help me to bear what she had to tell.

"Tim," said she, "th' Lord ha' sent us trouble; but we can bear it together, canna we, dear lad?"

That wur aw, but I knew what it meant, though th' poor little lamb had been well enough when I kissed him last.

I went in an' saw him lyin' theer on his pillows, strugglin' an' gaspin' in hard convulsions, an' I seed aw was over. An' in half an hour, just as the sun crept across th' room an' touched his curls, th' pretty little chap opens his eyes aw at once.

"Daddy!" he crows out. "Sithee Dad—" an' he lifts hissen up, catches at th' floatin' sunshine, laughs at it, and fa's back—dead, Mester.

I’ve allers thowt ’at th’ Lord-a’-moighty knew what he wur doin’ when he gi’ th’ woman t’ Adam i’ the Garden o’ Eden. He knowed he wur nowt but a poor chap as couldna do for hissen; an’ I suppose that’s th’ reason he gi’ the woman th’ strength to bear trouble when it comn. I’d ha’ gi’n clean in if it hadna been fur my lass when th’ little chap deed.

But the day comn when we could bear to talk about him, an’ moind things he’d said an’ tried to say i’ his broken, babby way. An’ so we were creepin’ back again to th’ old happy quiet, an’ we had been for welly six month, when summat fresh comn. I’ll never forget it, Mester, th’ neet it happened. I’d kissed Rosanna at th’ door, and left her standin’ theer when I went up to th’ village to buy summat she wanted. It wur a bright moonlight neet, just such a neet as this, an’ the lass had fellowed me out to see th’ moonshine, it wur so bright an’ clear; an’ just before I starts she folds both her hands on my shoulder an’ says, soft and thoughtful:

“Tim, I wonder if the little chap sees us?”

“I’d loike to know, dear lass,” I answers back. An’ then she speaks again:

“Tim, I wonder if he’d know he was ours if he could see, or if he’d ha’ forgot. He wur such a little fellow.”

Them wur th’ last peaceful words I ever heerd her speak. I went up to th’ village an’ gotten what she sent me fur, an’ then I comn back.

She wasna outside, an’ I couldna see a leet about th’ house, but I heerd voices, so I walked straight in—into th’ entry an’ into th’ kitchen, an’ theer she wur, Mester—my poor wench, crouching down by th’ table, hidin’ her face i’ her hands, and close beside her wur a mon—a mon i’ red sojer clothes.

My heart leaped into my throat, an’ fur a minnit I hadna a word, fur I saw summat wur up, though I couldna tell what it wur. But at last my voice comn back.

"Good evenin', Mester," I says to him; "I hope yo' ha' not broughten ill news? What ails thee, dear lass?"

She stirs a little, and gives a moan like a dyin' child; an' then she lifts up her wan, broken-hearted face, an' stretches out both her hands to me.

"Tim," she says, "dunnot hate me, lad, dunnot. I thowt he wur dead long sin'. I thowt 'at th' Rooshans killed him an' I wur free, but I amna. I never wur. He never deed, Tim, an' theer he is—the mon as I wur wed to an' left by. God forgi' him, an' oh, God forgi' me!"

Theer, Mester, theer's a story fur thee. My poor lass wasna my wife at aw—th' little chap's mother wasna his feyther's wife, an' never had been. That theer worthless fellow as beat an' starved her an' left her to fight th' world alone, had comn back alive an' well. He could tak' her away fro' me any hour i' th' day, an' I couldna say a word to bar him. Th' law said my wife—th' little dead lad's mother—belonged to him, body an' soul. Theer was no law to help us—it wur aw on his side.

"Tha canna want me now, Phil," she said. "Tha canna care fur me. Tha must know I'm more this mon's wife than thine. But I dunnot ax thee to gi' me to him, because I know that wouldna be reet; I on'y ax thee to let me alone. I'll go fur enough off an' never see him more."

But the villain held to her. If she didna come wi' him, he said, he'd ha' me up before th' court fur bigamy. I could ha' done murder then, Mester, an' I would ha' done, if it hadna been for the poor lass runnin' in betwixt us an' pleadin' wi' aw her might. If we'n been rich foak theer might ha' been some help fur her; at least th' law might ha' been browt to mak' him leave her be, but bein' poor workin' foak theer was on'y one thing: th' wife mun go wi' th' husband, an' theer th' husband stood—a scoundrel, cursing, wi' his black heart on his tongue.

"Weil," says th' lass at last, fair wearied out wi' grief, "I'll go wi' thee, Phil, an' I'll do my best to please thee,

but I wunnot promise to forget th’ mon as has been true to me, an’ has stood betwixt me an’ th’ world.”

Then she turned round to me.

“Tim,” she says, “surely he wunnot refuse to let us go together to th’ little lad’s grave—fur th’ last time.” She didna speak to him but to me, an’ she spoke still an’ strained as if she wur too heart-broke to be wild. Her face was as white as th’ dead, but she didna cry, as any other woman would ha’ done. “Come, Tim,” she said, “he canna say no to that.”

An’ so out we went, an’ we didna say a word until we come to this very place, Mester.

We stood here for a minnit silent, an’ then I sees her begin to shake, an’ she throws hersen down on th’ grass wi’ her arms flung o’er th’ grave, an’ she cries out as ef her death-wound had been give to her.

“Little lad,” she says, “little lad, dost ta see thee mother? Canst na tha hear her callin’ thee? Little lad, get nigh to th’ Throne an’ plead!”

I fell down beside o’ th’ poor crushed wench an’ sobbed wi’ her. I couldna comfort her, fur wheer wur there any comfort for us? Theer wur none left—theer wur no hope. We was shamed an’ broke down—our lives was lost. Th’ past wur nowt—th’ future wur worse. Oh, my pcor lass, how hard she tried to pray—for me, Mester—yes, fur me, as she lay theer wi’ her arms round her dead babby’s grave, an’ her cheek on th’ grass as grew o’er his breast. “Lord God-a’-mighty!” she says, “help us—dunnot gi’ us up—dunnot, dunnot! We canna do ’thowt thee now, if th’ time ever wur when we could. Th’ little chap mun be wi’ Thee—I moind th’ bit o’ comfort about getherin’ th’ lambs i’ His bosom. An’, Lord, if tha could spare him a minnit, send him down to us wi’ a bit o’ leet. Oh, Feyther! help th’ poor lad here—help him. Let th’ weight fa’ on me, not on him. Just help th’ poor lad to bear it. If ever I did owt as wur worthy i’ Thy sight, let that be

my reward. Dear Lord-a'-moighty, I'd be willin' to gi' up a bit o' my own heavenly glory fur th' dear lad's sake."

Well, Mester, she lay theer on th' grass prayin' and cryin', wild but gentle, fur nigh haaf an hour, an' then it seemed 'at she got quiet loike, an' she got up. Happen th' Lord had hearkened an' sent th' child—happen He had—fur when she gotten up her face looked to me aw white an' shinin' i' th' clear moonlight.

"Sit down by me, dear lad," she said, "an' hold my hand a minnit." I set down an' took hold of her hand, as she bid me.

"Tim," she said, "this wur why th' little chap deed. Dostna tha see now 'at th' Lord knew best?"

"Yes, lass," I answers humble, an' lays my face on her hand, breakin' down again.

"Hush, dear lad," she whispers, "we hannot time fur that. I want to talk to thee. Wilt listen?"

"Yes, wife," I says, an' I heerd her sob when I said it, but she catches hersen up again.

"I want thee to mak' me a promise," said she. "I want thee to promise never to forget what peace we ha' had. I want thee to remember it allers, an' to moind him 'at's dead, an' let his little hand howd thee back fro' sin an' hard thowts. I'll pray fur thee neet an' day, Tim, an' tha shalt pray fur me, an' happen theer'll come a leet. But ef theer dunnot, dear lad—an' I dunnot see how theer could—if theer dunnot, an' we never see each other agen, I want thee to mak' me a promise that if tha sees th' little chap first tha'lt moind him o' me, and watch out wi' him nigh th' gate, and I'll promise thee that if I see him first, I'll moind him o' thee an' watch out true an' constant."

I promised her, Mester, as yo' can guess, an' we kneeled down an' kissed th' grass, and she took a bit o' th' sod to put i' her bosom. An' then we stood up an' looked at each other, an' at last she put her dear face on my breast, an'

kissed me, as she had done every neet sin' we were mon an' wife.

"Good-bye, dear lad," she whispers—her voice aw broken. "Doan't come back to th' house till I'm gone; good-bye, dear, dear lad, an' God bless thee!" An' she slipped out o' my arms an' wur gone in a moment, awmost before I could cry out. \* \* \*

The whole of this beautiful story, with others from Mrs. Burnett's charming pen, may be found in a book of hers, called "Surly Tim and other Stories," published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.

## THE WATER-MILL.

D. C. MCCALLUM.

Oh! listen to the water-mill, through all the live-long day,  
As the clicking of the wheels wears hour by hour away;  
How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered leaves,  
As on the field the reapers sing, while binding up the sheaves!  
A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast,  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

The summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er earth and  
main,

The sickle never more will reap the yellow garnered grain;  
The rippling stream flows ever on, aye tranquil, deep and still,  
But never glideth back again to busy water-mill.  
The solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and vast,  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true,  
For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing too;  
Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,  
For time will ne'er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away;  
Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy kindness sow broadcast—  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life that have swiftly drifted by,  
Alas! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh;  
Love that we might once have saved by a single kindly word,

Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, perishing, unpenned,  
unheard.

Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast,  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength and  
will,

The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by clicking water-mill;  
Nor wait until to-morrow's light beams brightly on thy way,  
For all that thou canst call thine own lies in the phrase "to-day :"  
Possessions, power, and blooming health must all be lost at last—  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! love thy God and fellow man, thyself consider last,  
For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the past;  
Soon will this fight of life be o'er, and earth recede from view,  
And heaven in all its glory shine where all is pure and true.  
Ah! then thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and vast,  
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

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## THE FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILL.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

*Abridged for Public Reading.*

The following is a vivid description of the terrible disaster which took place at Lawrence, Mass., January 10th, 1860. It is taken from "The Tenth of January," a story of love, jealousy and heroism, ending in the awful sacrifice here portrayed. The entire story can be found in a work by the same author, entitled, "MEN, WOMEN AND GHOSTS," published by James R. Osgood & Co.

[The writer describes Lawrence as "unique in its way," and says, "Of the twenty-five thousand souls who inhabit that city, ten thousand are operatives in the factories. Of these ten thousand, two-thirds are girls."

Asenath Martyn was slightly built and undersized. The children used to cry out, "Humpback! Humpback!" and people in passing would say, "Look at that girl!" Her face was gravely lined, but womanly and pleasant. The author says, "She puzzled one at the first glance, and at the second. An artist, meeting her

musings on a canal-bridge one day, went home and painted a May-flower budding in February." The world had, indeed, dealt harshly with her. Her deformity had been caused by a blow at the hands of a drunken mother. Sene remembered that, and her unhappy childhood ; and when the wretched mother had met a violent death, she also remembered having heard some one say at the funeral, "How glad Sene must be !" Since that, life had meant three things—her father, the mills, and Richard Cross. The latter had, by chance, become a resident of the same home with Sene and her old father. A tender sympathy, combined with a oneness of interests, soon ripened into love and resulted in an engagement.

After a time Sene discovered that Dick's affections were being drawn away from herself and centred upon Del Ivory, a pretty, fascinating, giddy creature, whose beauty she sometimes envied, but whose frivolity she despised. Dick, not knowing his secret was discovered, was too honorable to think of breaking his engagement, and consequently attempted to resist and suppress his new love by avoiding Del and redoubling his attentions to Sene. The latter had long been trying to release him, but could not find the courage to do so ; and he, seeing that she suffered, wearied himself with plans to make her eyes shine ; and did she try to speak her wretched secret, he suffocated her with kindness, and struck her dumb with tender words. It was the morning after the last of these ineffectual attempts on Sene's part that this reading opens.]

The silent city steeped and bathed itself in rose-tints ; the river ran red, and the snow crimsoned on the distant New Hampshire hills ; Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned across the disk of the climbing sun, and dripped, as she had seen it drip before, with blood.

The day broke softly, the snow melted, the wind blew warm from the river. The factory-bell chimed cheerily, and a few sleepers, in safe, luxurious beds, were wakened by hearing the girls sing on their way to work.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sene was a little dizzy that morning—the constant palpitation of the floors always made her dizzy after a wake-

ful night—and so her colored cotton threads danced out of place and troubled her.

Dell Ivory, working beside her, said, "How the mill shakes! What's going on?"

"It's the new machinery they're h'isting in," observed the overseer, carelessly. "Great improvement, but heavy, very heavy; they calc'late on getting it all into place to-day; you'd better be tending to your frame, Miss Ivory."

\* \* \* \* \*

Years before, an unknown workman in South Boston, casting an iron pillar upon its core, had suffered it to "float" a little, a very little more, till the thin, unequal side cooled to the measure of an eighth of an inch. That man had provided Asenath's way of escape.

She went out at noon with her luncheon, and found a place upon the stairs, away from the rest, and sat there awhile, with her eyes upon the river, thinking. She could not help wondering a little, after all, why God need to have made her so unlike the rest of his fair handiwork. Del came bounding by, and nodded at her carelessly. Two young Irish girls, sisters—the beauties of the mill—magnificently colored creatures—were singing a little love-song together, while they tied on their hats to go home.

"There *are* such pretty things in the world!" thought poor Sene.

Did anybody speak to her after the girls were gone? Into her heart these words fell suddenly, "*He* hath no form nor comeliness. *His* visage was so marred more than any man."

They clung to her fancy all the afternoon. She liked the sound of them. She wove them in with her black and dun colored threads.

The wind began at last to blow chilly up the staircases, and in at the cracks; the melted drifts out under the wall to harden; the sun dipped above the dam; the mill dimmed slowly; shadows crept down between the frames.

"It's time for lights," said Meg Match, and swore a little at her spools.

Sene, in the pauses of her thinking, heard snatches of the girls' talk.

"Going to ask out to-morrow, Meg?"

"Guess so, yes; me and Bob Smith we thought we'd go to Boston, and come up in the theatre train."

"Del Ivory, I want the pattern of your zouave."

"Did I go to church? No, you don't catch me! If I slave all the week, I'll do what I please on Sunday."

"Hush-sh! There's the boss looking over here!"

"Kathleen Donnavon, be still with your ghost stories. There's one thing in the world I never will hear about, and that's dead people."

"Del," said Sene, "I think to-morrow—"

She stopped. Something strange had happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed, snapped: the threads untwisted and flew out of place.

"Curious!" she said, and looked up.

Looked up to see her overseer turn wildly, clap his hands to his head, and fall; to hear a shriek from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling gape above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel, and vast machinery throw up its helpless, giant arms, and a tangle of human faces blanch and writhe!

She sprang as the floor sunk. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounded up an inclined plane, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her, leaped at her, caught her; beyond were the stairs and an open door; she threw out her arms, and struggled on with hands and knees, tripped in the gearing, and saw, as she fell, a square, oaken beam above her yield and crash; it was of a fresh red color; she dimly wondered why—as she felt her hands slip, her knees slide, support, time, place and reason go utterly out.

*"At ten minutes before five, on Tuesday, the tenth of Jan-*

*uary, the Pemberton Mill, all hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground."*

So the record flashed over the telegraph wires, sprang into large type in the newspapers, passed from lip to lip, a nine days' wonder, gave place to the successful candidate and the muttering South, and was forgotten.

Who shall say what it was to the seven hundred and fifty souls who were buried in the ruins? What to the eighty-eight who died that death of exquisite agony? What to the wrecks of men and women who endure unto this day a life that is worse than death? What to that architect and engineer who, when the fatal pillars were first delivered to them for inspection, had found one broken under their eyes, yet accepted the contract, and built with them a mill whose thin walls, and wide, unsupported stretches might have tottered over massive columns and on flawless ore?

Sene's father, working at Meg Match's shoes—she was never to wear those shoes, poor Meg!—heard, at ten minutes before five, what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under his very feet, and stood with bated breath, waiting for the crash. As nothing further appeared to happen, he took his stick and limped out into the street.

A vast crowd surged through it from end to end. Women with white lips were counting the mills—Pacific, Atlantic, Washington—Pemberton! Where was Pemberton?

Where Pemberton had winked its many eyes last night, and hummed with its iron lips this noon, a cloud of dust, black, silent, horrible, puffed a hundred feet into the air.

Asenath opened her eyes after a time. Beautiful green and purple lights had been dancing about her, but she had had no thoughts. It occurred to her now that she must have been struck upon the head. The church-clocks were striking eight. A bonfire which had been built at a distance, to light the citizens in the work of rescue, cast a

little gleam in through the *debris* across her two hands, which lay clasped together at her side. One of her fingers, she saw, was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's little engagement ring. The red beam lay across her forehead, and drops dripped from it upon her eyes. Her feet, still tangled in the gearing which had tripped her, were buried beneath a pile of bricks.

A broad piece of flooring, that had fallen slantwise, roofed her in, and saved her from the mass of ironwork overhead, which would have crushed the breath out of Hercules. Fragments of looms, shafts and pillars were in heaps about. Some one whom she could not see was dying just behind her. A little girl who worked in her room—a mere child—was crying, between her groans, for her mother. Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with reels of cotton; she had a shallow gash upon her cheek; she was wringing her hands. They were at work from the outside, sawing entrances through the labyrinth of planks. A dead woman lay close by, and Sene saw them draw her out. It was Meg Match. One of the pretty Irish girls was crushed quite out of sight; only one hand was free; she moved it feebly. They could hear her calling for Jimmy Mahoney, Jimmy Mahoney! and would they be sure and give him back the handkerchief? Poor Jimmy Mahoney! By-and-by she called no more; and in a little while the hand was still. On the other side of the slanted flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened for the Amen, but it was never spoken. Beyond they dug a man out from under a dead body, unhurt. He crawled to his feet, and broke into furious blasphemies.

Del cried presently that they were cutting them out. The glare of bonfires struck through an opening; saws and axes flashed; voices grew distinct.

"They never can get at me," said Sene. "I must be

able to crawl. If you could get some of those bricks off of my feet, Del !”

Del took off two or three in a frightened way ; then seeing the blood on them, sat down and cried.

A Scotch girl, with one arm shattered, crept up and removed the pile, then fainted.

The opening broadened, brightened ; the sweet night-wind blew in ; the safe night-sky shone through. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she should stand again, after all ! Back in the little bright kitchen, where the sun shone, and she could sing a song, there would yet be a place for her. She thought of her father, of Dick, of the supper-table set for three. Life—even her life, grew sweet, now that it was slipping from her. She worked her head from under the beam, and raised herself upon her elbow. At that moment she heard a cry :

“ Fire ! *fire !* GOD ALMIGHTY HELP THEM—THE RUINS ARE ON FIRE !”

A man working over the *debris* from the outside had taken the notion—it being rather dark just there—to carry a lantern with him.

“ For God's sake,” a voice cried from the crowd, “ don't stay there with that light !”

But before the word had died upon the air, it was the dreadful fate of the man with the lantern to let it fall, and it broke upon the ruined mass.

That was at nine o'clock. What there was to see from then till morning could never be told or forgotten.

A network twenty feet high, of rods and girders, of beams, pillars, stairways, gearing, roofing, ceiling, walling ; wrecks of looms, shafts, twisters, pulleys, bobbins, mules, locked and interwoven ; wrecks of human creatures wedged in ; a face that you know turned up at you from some pit which twenty-four hours' hewing could not open ; a voice that you know crying after you from God knows where ; a

mass of long, fair hair visible here, a foot there, three fingers of a hand over there; the snow bright-red underfoot; charred limbs and headless trunks tossed about; strong men carrying covered things by you, at sight of which other strong men have fainted; the little yellow jet that flared up, and died in smoke, and flared again, leaped out, licked the cotton bales, tasted the oiled machinery, crunched the netted wood, danced on the heaped-up stone, threw its cruel arms high into the night, roared for joy at helpless firemen, and swallowed wreck, death and life together out of your sight—the lurid thing stands alone in the gallery of tragedy.

“Del,” said Sene, presently, “I smell the smoke.” And in a little while, “How red it is growing away over there at the left!”

To lie here and watch the hideous redness crawling after her, springing at her!—it had seemed greater than reason could bear, at first.

Now it did not trouble her. She grew a little faint, and her thoughts wandered. She put her head down upon her arm, and shut her eyes. Dreamily she heard them saying a dreadful thing outside, about one of the overseers; at the alarm of fire he had cut his throat, and before the flames touched him he was taken out. Dreamily she heard Del cry that the shaft behind the heap of reels was growing hot. Dreamily she saw a tiny puff of smoke struggle through the cracks of a broken fly-frame.

They were working to save her, with rigid, stern faces. A plank snapped, a rod yielded; they drew out the Scotch girl; her hair was singed; then a man with blood upon his face and wrists held down his arms.

“There’s time for one more! God save the rest of ye—I can’t!”

Del sprang; then stopped—even Del—stopped ashamed, and looked back at the cripple.

Asenath at this sat up erect. The latent heroism in her awoke. All her thoughts grew clear and bright. The

tangled skein of her perplexed and troubled winter unwound suddenly. This, then, was the way. It was better so. God had provided himself a lamb for the burnt offering.

So she said, "Go, Del, and tell him I sent you with my dear love, and that it's all right."

And Del at the first word went.

Sene sat and watched them draw her out; it was a slow process; the loose sleeve of her factory sack was scorched.

Somebody at work outside turned suddenly and caught her. It was Dick. The love which he had fought so long broke free of barrier in that hour. He kissed her pink arm where the burnt sleeve fell off. He uttered a cry at the blood upon her face. She turned faint with the sense of safety; and, with a face as white as her own, he bore her away in his arms to the hospital, over the crimson snow.

Asenath looked out through the glare and smoke with parched lips. For a scratch upon the girl's smooth cheek, he had quite forgotten her. They had left her, tombed alive here in this furnace, and gone their happy way. Yet it gave her a curious sense of relief and triumph. If this were all that she could be to him, the thing which she had done was right, quite right. God must have known. She turned away, and shut her eyes again.

When she opened them, neither Dick, nor Del, nor crimsoned snow, nor sky, were there; only the smoke writhing up a pillar of blood-red flame.

The child who had called for her mother began to sob out that she was afraid to die alone.

"Come here, Molly," said Sene. "Can you crawl around?"

Molly crawled around.

"Put your head in my lap, and your arms about my waist, and I will put my hands in yours—so. There! I guess that's better."

But they had not given them up yet. In the still un-

burnt rubbish at the right, some one had wrenched an opening within a foot of Sene's face. They clawed at the solid iron pintles like savage things. A fireman fainted in the glow.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd from behind. "It can't be done! Fall back!"—then hushed, awe-struck.

An old man was crawling along upon his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man. His gray hair blew about in the wind.

"I want my little gal!" he said. "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough-looking young fellow pointed in perfect-silence through the smoke.

"I'll have her out yet. I'm an old man, but I can help. She's my little gal, ye see. Hand me that there dipper of water; it'll keep her from choking, may be. Now! keep cheery, Sene! Your old father 'll get ye out. Keep up good heart, child! That's it!"

"It's no use, father. Don't feel bad, father. I don't mind it very much."

He hacked at the timber; he tried to laugh; he bewildered himself with cheerful words.

"No more ye needn't, Senath, for it'll be over in a minute. Don't be downcast yet! We'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water—do now! They'll get at ye now, sure!"

But above the crackle and roar a woman's voice rang out like a bell:

"We're going home, to die no more."

A child's notes quavered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves, white young lips swelled the glad refrain—

"We're going, going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red. Voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It flung defiance down at death. It chimed

into the lurid sky without a tremor. For One stood beside her in the furnace, and His form was like unto the form of the Son of God. Their eyes met. Why should not Asenath sing?

"Senath!" cried the old man out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now, from his gray hair to his patched boots.

The answer came triumphantly:

"To die no more, no more, no more!"

"Sene! little Sene!"

But some one pulled him back.

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## DEATH OF LITTLE JO.

*From "Bleak House."*

Jo is very glad to see his old friend; and says, when they are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangsby should come so far out of his way on accounts of sich as him. Mr. Sangsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half-a-crown, that magic balsam of his for all kinds of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?" inquires the stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

"I'm in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am," returns Jo, "and don't want for nothink. I'm more cumfbler nor you can't think, Mr. Sangsby. I'm verry sorry that I done it, but I didn't go fur to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is that he is sorry for having done.

"Mr. Sangsby," says Jo, "I went and giv a illness to the lady as wos and yet as warn't the t'other lady, and none of 'em never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being so good and my having been s' unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yes'day, and she ses, 'Ah Jo!' she ses. 'We thought we'd lost

you, Jo !” she ses. And she sits down a smilin’ so quiet, and don’t pass a word nor yit a look upon me for having done it, she don’t, and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Sangsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to give me somethink fur to ease me, wot he’s allus a doin’ on day and night, and w’en he come a-bendin’ over me and a-speakin’ up so bold, I see his tears a-fallin’, Mr. Sangsby.”

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

“Wot I was thinkin’ on, Mr. Sangsby,” proceeds Jo, “was, as you was able to write very large, p’raps ?”

“Yes, Jo, please God,” returns the stationer.

“Uncommon precious large, p’raps ?” says Jo, with eagerness.

“Yes, my poor boy.”

Jo laughs with pleasure. “Wot I was thinkin’ on then, Mr. Sangsby, was, that wen I was moved on as fur as ever I could go, and couldn’t be moved no furdur, whether you might be so good, p’raps, as to write out, very large, so that any one could see it anywheres, as that I was very truly hearty sorry that I done it, and that I never went fur to do it ; and that though I didn’t know nothink at all, I know’d as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it, and was allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he’d be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin’ could be made to say it very large he might.”

“It shall say it, Jo ; very large.”

Jo laughs again. “Thankee, Mr. Sangsby. It’s very kind of you, sir, and it makes me more comfbler nor I was afore.”

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown—he has never been so close to a case requiring so many—and is fain to depart.

And Jo and he, upon this little earth, shall meet no more.  
No more.

*(Another Scene.—Enter Mr. Woodcot.)*

“Well, Jo, what is the matter? Don’t be frightened.”

“I thought,” says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, “I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone’s agin. An’t there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?”

“Nobody.”

“And I an’t took back to Tom-all-Alone’s, am I, sir?”

“No.”

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, “I am wery thankful.”

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: “Jo, did you ever know a prayer?”

“Never know’d nothink, sir.”

“Not so much as one short prayer?”

“No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin’ wunst at Mr. Sangsby’s and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a-speakin’ to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but *I* couldn’t make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other gen’lmen come down Tom-all-Alone’s a-prayin’, but they all mostly sed as the t’other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a-talkin’ to theirselves, or a-passing blame on the t’others, and not a-talkin’ to us. *We* never know’d nothink. *I* never know’d what it wos all about.”

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

“Stay, Jo, stay! What now?”

“It’s time for me to go to that there berryin’ ground, sir,” he returns with a wild look.

“Lie down, and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?”

“Where they laid him as wos wery good to me; wery

good to me, indeed, he wos. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin' ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used for to say to me, 'I am as poor as you, to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him, now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo; by-and-by."

"Ah! P'rhaps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom—it's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin' let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anything as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven!—Is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead. Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!

## THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

*Abridged for Public Reading.*

"I thought, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. Twenty-four hours, the telegram said—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope, with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful!"

"'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm'—and he held it out so proudly before me—'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow.'"

"'Go, then, go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen; doubt it not."

Blossom sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took

the letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows :

“DEAR FATHER:—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

“You know I promised Jemmie Carr’s mother I would look after her boy; and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his luggage, beside my own, on our march. Towards night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie’s turn to be sentry, and I *would* take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late.”

“God be thanked!” interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. “I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep *carelessly* at his post.”

“They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances—‘time to write to you,’ our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty;

he would gladly save me if he could ; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

“ I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father ! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me ; it is very hard to bear ! Good-by, father ! God seems near and dear to me ; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for His poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour in a better, better life.”

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. “ Amen,” he said solemnly, “ Amen.”

“ To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop, waiting for me ! But I shall never, never come ! God bless you all ! Forgive your poor Bennie.”

Late that night the door of the “ back stoop ” opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train ; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all ; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell where and why she had gone. She had brought

Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning task, of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want, so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak: He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face towards his. How tall he seemed! and he was President of the United States, too. A dim thought of this kind passed

for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "*Send this dispatch at once.*"

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until tomorrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon the shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently: "*The Lord be praised!*"

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## BROTHER ANDERSON.

THOMAS K. BEECHER

I was to preach for brother Anderson. He was a good pastor. Almost the last time I saw him he had just called upon a lamb of his flock to ask after her spiritual welfare, and for fifty cents toward his salary. He had left his tub and brushes at the foot of the hill, and he re-

sumed them when he had made his call; for, like the great apostle, he used to labor, working with his own hands.

Punctual to the hour, brother Anderson came rolling across the street, and up to the door, and we went in together. After the usual songs and prayers, I took for my text Paul's counsel to the Corinthians as to their disorderly meetings and meaningless noises. The sermon was, in the main, a reading of the fourteenth chapter of Paul's first letter, with comments and applications interspersed. I spoke for half an hour, and while showing consideration for the noisy ways of my audience, exhorted them to cultivate intelligence as well as passion.

"When you feel the glory of God in you, let it out, of course. Shout Glory, clap your hands, and all that. But stop now and then, and let some wise elder stand up and tell what it all means. Men and boys hang round your windows, and laugh at you and religion, because they don't understand. Some men have religion all in their heads; others in their hearts. Now you must have it in your heads and hearts."

As I sat down Brother Anderson stood on the pulpit step to give out a hymn.

I am not certain that he could read, for he stood book in hand, and seemingly from memory gave the number of the hymn, and repeated the first two stanzas with deep and growing feeling. Of the third he read three lines :

One army ob de livin' God  
To his comman' we bow ;  
Part of hos (t) 'ov cross'er flood,  
An' part——

Here he stopped, and after swallowing one or two chokes, went on to say : I love Brudder Beecher. I love to hear him preach. He's told us a good many things. He's our good fr'en. An' he sez dat some folks goes up to glory noisy 'n shoutin', and some goes still-like, 'z if they's

'shamed of wat's in 'em. And he sez we'd better be more like de still-kind, an' de white-kind, an' de white folk will like us more. But den I tinks 'taint much 'count no way, wedder we goes up still-like or shoutin', cause heaven's a mighty big place, brudder; an' wen we all goes marchin' up to see de Lord, an' I's so full ob de lub, and de joy, and de glory, dat I mus' clap my han's an' shout, de good Lord's got some place war we won't 'sturb nobody, and we can shout, Glory! Glory! Bress de Lord! I'm safe, I'm safe in glory at las'; I tell you, brudders an' sisters, dat heaven's a mighty big place, and dere's room dare for brudder Beecher an' us too.

"Brudder Beecher says de engines on de railroad only puff, puff, regular breathin'-like, when dey's at work haulin de big loads, and dat de bell and whistle don't do no work, dey only make a noise; guess dat's so. I don't know 'bout ingins much, and I don't know wedder I's a puff-puff ingin, or wedder I blow de whistle an' rings de bell. I feels like bofe (with a chuckle) sometimes! An' I tell you what, wen de fire is a burnin', an' I gets de steam up, don't dribe no cattle on de track!

"An' de boys an' gals, an' de clarks an' young lawyers, dey come up yar watch-nights, and dey peep in de winders, an' stan' roun' de doors, an' dey laugh an' make fun of 'lig'n! An' Brudder Beecher sez, why don't we stop de noise now'n den, an' go out an' tell 'em 'bout it—'splain it to 'em? An' I 'members what de Bible says 'bout de outer darkness, an' de weepin', an' de wailin', an' de gnashin' ob de teef. An' if dese boys an' gals stan' dar outside a-laffin', bimeby dey'll come to de wailin' an' de weepin' fus' dey know. An' den when dey stan' roun' de great temple ob de Lord, an' see de glory shinin' out, an' de harpers harpin', and all de music, an' de elders bowin', an' all de shoutin' like many waters, an' all de saints a-singin' 'Glory to de Lam'!' s'pose God'll say, 'Stop dat ar noise dar, Gabr'l; you Gabr'l go out an' 'splain'?

"Yes, I see dem stan' las' winter 'roun' de doors an' under de winders an' laff; an' dey peek in an' laff. An' I 'member wot I saw last summer 'mong de bees. Some ob de hives was nice, an' clean an' still, like 'spectable meetin's, an' de odders was a bustin' wid honey; an' de bees kep' a-goin' an' a-comin' in de clover; an' dey jes kep' on a-fill-in' up de hive, till de honey was a-flowin' like de lan' of Canaan. An' I saw all 'roun' de hives was de ants an' worms, an' de great drones, an' black bugs, an' dey kep' on de outside. Dey wasn' bees. Dey couldn' make de honey for darselves. Dey couldn' fly to de clover an' de honey-suckle. Dey jes' hung 'roun' de bustin' hive, an' lived on de drippin's.

"An' de boys an' gals come up yar, an' hang 'roun'. Jes' come in, an' we'll show you how de gospel bees do. Come in an' we'll lead you to de clover! Come in—we'll make your wings grow. Come in! won't ye? Well den, poor things, let 'em stan' 'roun' de outside, an' hab de drippin's. We's got honey in dis hive.

Part of 'e hos' av cross 'er flood,

An' part are crossin' now.

"Sing, brudders, sing." And they sang. \* \* \*

## A BASKET OF FLOWERS.

SARAH BRIDGES STEBBINS.

*Abridged for Public Reading.*

A few days afterward the Light of the Household went forth into the poor places of the neighborhood and brought in, one by one, shrinking children, with shabby garments and shy glances; little girls ungathered into schools, untaught of ignorant parents who were slaves of labor, to whom was preached no Gospel of salvation from idleness, weakness or vice. These, allured in unwillingly at first, hard enough for a time to keep together, came at last into

this quiet chamber as to a holy shrine, sat earnestly at the feet of a pale, patient teacher, and learned the ways of truth and right. Day by day—for a few minutes only sometimes, sometimes for hours, according to her fluctuating strength—she had them with her, and in the poor homes where they belonged the mothers listened with a sort of awe to the accounts of this pale lady, lying always on her couch, covered with the white, fleecy folds of her delicate work, and giving out to little rapt listeners thoughts that would abide with them all their lives.

After a while Christmas was drawing near, and one day there was an interesting assemblage of these small scholars in a room where one of them lived, whose mother was a washerwoman, and upon tubs and buckets they were seated in a circle; and the subject of their meeting and consultation was, *How to Get a Christmas Present for the Crippled Sister, and what It Should Be.*

Strange and various articles were proposed, to which many objections were raised, principally by the little President, who seemed to think her most important duty was to keep the intended expenditure within the limits of the probable amount, for which purpose she was obliged to do a good many sums out loud. The puzzle was growing deeper, and the likelihood of a decision seemed farther off than ever, when Nettie Blane said, in her soft voice: "I know what the lady loves more than anything else, and that's flowers! Why, just here a while ago, before it got so cold, I found a bunch of wild posies growing alongside the road as I was going to her house; they were just common things, but I picked them and took them to her, and you just ought to have seen her over them! Her face lit all up, she was so pleased, and do you know that for a minute she looked like she never was sick at all; and she kind of petted them with her fingers, and thanked me so nice that I never was so glad of doing anything in my life!"

"But flowers die so soon, and then she would never

have nothin' to keep to make her feel that we'd bin thinkin' of her !"

An anxious shade fell over Nettie Blane's face, that, however, instantly brightened with a new thought.

"Oh, yes, she would," she said, "because she'd always remember ! Don't you know, somehow, if you once get a thing, you've always got it, even if you don't see it ? If I sell my shells, it don't much matter, really, because whenever I think about them, they'll always be in my heart, and I'll always know that Uncle Jim he brought them to me over the sea !"

Some one murmured, "Things ought to be awful pretty to be remembered always !" and the general consent seemed to settle without dispute that a basket of flowers would be the very sweetest thing in the world to give.

"And I know of a man who keeps a hot-house just out of town," said the young President, "and he looks good-humored and kind, so maybe he'll give us something real nice for what we'll have to pay !" And soon after the meeting dispersed.

The day before Christmas, as the big, burly and rosy owner of the conservatory just out of town was sorting his choicest blooms for a large wedding which was to take place in the evening, the door of the hot-house suddenly opened, and a squadron of a dozen or more small girls entered in solemn procession.

"Bless my soul !" said the Gentle Giant, turning his bluff, bright face toward them, "what do you young ones want ?"

For an instant they had stood quite still, looking about them in wonder and delight ; for the whole place was so filled with rare and lovely blossoms that its atmosphere, color, and profusion was like a concentration of the tropics.

"If you please, sir, we want to buy a basket of flowers."

The man dropped the two or three buds he held in his hand, turned entirely around, and gave one steady look

down the whole line; he saw at once that they were not likely to want flowers for themselves, and imagined that one or two had been sent on a message, and that the rest had accompanied these.

"*You—want—to—buy*"—he said slowly.

"Yes, sir, a basket of flowers, if you please."

"Who for? and why are there so many of you?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. You see, sir, there's a dear kind lady, and she is a cripple, and never gets off a low kind of bed she lays on, and works all the time the most beautiful 'broidering flowers you ever seen. And she teaches us; so we thought we'd like to give her a Christmas present, and we've all saved up till we think we've got enough; and because she never can go out to see anything a-growing, and just loves flowers like they were alive, we made up our minds to take her some; because we all give something toward it we all came together about it; and if you please, sir, we'd like as nice a basketful as you can make up for our money."

The rosy face bloomed out bright as one of his own blossoms; the round eyes grew wonderfully soft and moist, as the big burly man stooped and kissed the small speaker, and said, with just a touch of huskiness in his voice:

"Well, you're a blessed little party! You just go round, all of you, and pick out what you'd like to have, and I'll fix them up for you!" There was an immediate stir in the young procession, and evident delight in this permission, and an intention to put it instantly into practice, when the Small Leader called out, "You keep still there, will you? I've got something else to say!"

Curiosity restored order, and she again addressed the gardener.

"Ain't those grand flowers very dear? You see, sir, we don't want anything we can't pay for all right. We've got this much money; please to count it, sir, and see if it will

do!" And she handed him a rather battered tin match-box containing the accumulated contributions in small coins, as they had been gradually brought in as they were gained.

The Big Gardener by this time was too much touched to keep quite calm. "Here," he said to the Little Leader, "you count out this money, and tell me how much it is, and I'll do the best I can for it!" And when he took a basket and went round his hot-house collecting here and there his simplest blooms, all these keen eyes watched him in unbroken silence, and not one of them stirred a gaze from his fingers as he laid in the moss, propped a superb, stainless lily in the centre, and arranged round it with exquisite taste violets and heart's-ease, and delicate, pure blossoms; in breathless quiet they noted every flower that was woven into its place, little thinking that these commoner plants which they were used to see in summer were almost as costly as foreign growths in winter; and it was not till the whole was finished that they broke out into exclamations of satisfaction.

"This must be a mighty good woman to make you love her so!" said the man as he handed over the basket to the careful hold of the Little Leader.

"Good!" answered Nettie Blane, "she's a-most an angel; it seems like she ought never to do anything but stand up close to the Throne with just such lilies in her hand!"

For Nettie's inmost heart was stirred by the flowers and the occasion.

The Big Gardener looked at her a second as if he thought she might have been a stray cherub herself.

"That's all your own gift," he said, pointing to the lily-crowned basket; "but would you mind taking her a little present from me too?"

"It shall only be one flower," he said; and as a single flower in their inexperienced eyes could not possibly com-

pare with a basketful, a happy assent was immediately given.

He went round among his plants to where bloomed one magnificent blossom, the only one of its kind in the greenhouse. He broke it from the stalk, and placed it in Nettie Blane's hand. "Oh, thank you!" said Nettie's glad voice, "I will give it to her with your compliments." And then the Big Gardener kissed every one of them as they passed out, and stood at his hot-house door, and watched the little procession as it wound out of sight with the Little Leader at the head, carrying the Basket of Flowers.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MAHSR JOHN.

*From Scribner's Monthly.*

IRWIN RUSSELL.

I heahs a heap o' people talkin', ebrywhar I goes,  
'Bout Washintnm an' Franklum, an' sech genuses as dose :  
I s'pose dey's mighty fine, but heah's de p'int I's bettin' on—  
Dere wuzn't nar a one ob 'em come up to Mahsr John.

He shorely wuz de grates' man de country ebber growed—  
You better had git out de way when *he* come 'long de road !  
He hel' his head up dis way, lik' he 'spised to see de groun' ;  
An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr John wuz 'roun'.

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it seems to me  
I sees him right afore me now, jes' like he use' to be,  
A-settin' on de gal'ry lookin' awful big an' wise,  
Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away de flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planters' linen suits,  
An' kep' a nigger busy jus' a-blackin' ob his boots ;  
De buckles on his galluses wuz made of solid gol',  
An' diamon's !—dey wuz in his shu't as thick as it would hol'.

You heered me ! 'twas a caution, when he went to take a ride,  
To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis by his side—

Mulatter Bill a-dribin', an' a nigger on behin';  
 An' two Kaintucky hosses tuk 'em tearin' whar dey gwine.  
 Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich—he owned a heap o' lan';  
 Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in Loozyan';  
 He had a thousan' nigger—an' he worked 'em shore's you born!  
 De oberseahs ud start 'em at de breakin' ob de morn.

Sometimes he'd gib a frolic—dat's de time you seed de fun;  
 De 'ristocratic fam'lies, dey ud be dar, ebry one,  
 Dey'd hab a band from New Orleans to play for 'em to dance,  
 An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a 'tickler sarcumstance.

Well, times is changed! De war it come an' sot de niggers free,  
 An' now ol' Mahsr John ain't hardly wuf as much as me;  
 He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is mos'ly gone—  
 An' I declar' I's sorry for pore ol' Mahsr John.

But when I heah 'em talkin' 'bout some sullybrated man,  
 I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all dey can,  
 An' den I 'lows dot in dem days, 'at I remembers on,  
*Dat* gemman warn't a patchin' onto my ol' Mahsr John!

## DADDY FLICK'S SPREE.

D. L. PROUDFIT.

Daddy Flick was a queer old Dick,  
 Trudging along with a crooked stick,  
 Frowsty and dirty and tattered and torn,  
 Wearing a hat that a goat would scorn  
 To nibble at, it was so forlorn;  
 And I state, with a solemn regard for truth,  
 That a garment must be in a state of ruth,  
 A very unsavory species of game,  
 If an up-town goat will reject the same.  
 He was gray as a badger and old as a crow,  
 And his eyes were queer—well, beery, you know,  
 Bleached and weak—and he had, I suppose,  
 The most absurd and peculiar nose

That ever invited a passer-by  
To think of the worth of sobriety.  
Naught can I say in his praise, I wot.  
Respectable? Honest? Oh, certainly not!  
Most people called him a wretched old sot.  
Only a beggar. He used to stand,  
Day by day, with his hat in his hand,  
Asking for pence from the grave and the gay,  
And getting them, too, I am glad to say,  
Not in abundance, but just enough  
For a little bread, and more of the stuff  
That went to nourish his curious nose  
And keep it blooming, a full-blown rose.  
"Life," he said, "for the rich or poor,  
Means but the same—endure, endure!  
Troubles to poor and rich befall,  
But the bottle," he said, "is a friend to all."

Now that you know the old reprobate,  
Beggar, dishonest, inebriate,  
All that he asks, sir, of you or me  
Is a little measure of charity.

For twenty years he had been the same,  
Till at last the usual period came  
When age began to assert itself,  
And threatened to lay him upon the shelf,  
And parties said in that part of the town,  
That the poor old sinner was breaking down,  
When all at once he seemed to be  
Displaying a greater activity—  
Begging with more than his usual vim,  
And, what was entirely new for him,  
Picking up jobs, and inquiring, too,  
For any work he could find to do.  
People said it was strange, if true,  
When they heard a rumor to that effect—  
A change impossible to expect.  
It seemed, you perceive, anomalous  
That Flick should be turning industrious.

But so it was ; if you'll listen well,  
The bottom facts of the case I'll tell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Flick, for seventy years to date,  
Had never thought to be bothering fate ;  
Had been contented to barely live,  
Caring for nothing the world can give—  
A sort of philosopher, as I think,  
In seeking for naught but his meat and drink ;  
But, mind you, never a notion had he  
Of any claim to philosophy.

The greatest and wisest have one soft streak,  
And so at the last Flick showed up weak.  
He said to himself on a certain day,  
"Daddy Flick, you are old and gray,  
Likely to drop off any day.  
Before your coffin is lowered down,  
Or, what is worse, you go on the town,  
You ought to have, as it seems to me,  
One good old-fashioned, expensive spree."

Alas, I fear that my readers all  
Are disappointed at such a fall.  
I wish he had felt a higher call,  
Something of nobler and healthier tone—  
An aspiration with more backbone.  
But I told you before that the poor old rat  
Had never a virtue beneath his hat.  
(I must tell my stories as they befall ;  
If you don't like 'em don't read 'em, that's all.)

After a couple of months had passed  
Daddy Flick had at length amassed  
A sum sufficient, he thought, to see  
His way to that same old-fashioned spree.  
And so, one night as he paddled home,  
He said to himself that the time had come  
And, cackling over an ancient song,  
He jingled his cash as he went along.

What were his assets? A marvelous sum;  
Enough to purchase unlimited rum—  
(Listen, you who collect your rents!)  
About a dollar and fifty cents.

Passing along by a vacant lot  
(The name of the street I have clean forgot),  
A very diminutive boy he spied,  
Slouching a very tall fence beside:  
A lonesome figure, so woe-begone,  
So desolate-looking and haggard and wan,  
That even Flick in his callous heart  
Felt a movement of pity start.  
Ragged he was, and exceedingly small,  
With garments that covered him, that was all;  
A cap remarkable after its kind,  
With front dismantled and baggy behind;  
Shoes too big by about a mile,  
But gaping wide with a frightful smile,  
As though they laughed at the tiny feet  
That dragged such a burden along the street.  
He stood there listless and weary and worn,  
Hands in his pockets, alone and forlorn;  
His features stained with the dirty streaks  
Of the tears that had dried on his little cheeks.

Flick was none of your tender sort;  
Philanthropy never had been his forte;  
But the look of the child was so woefully sad  
That he stopped and spoke to the little lad,  
And got the story I'll tell to you,  
Since it only requires a line or two:  
His mother had died in a drunken fit,  
He was hungry, and that was the whole of it.

Flick, as you know, was all primed for a spree;  
All the same he said, "Come with me!"  
And took the child to his narrow den,  
And fed him and kept him that night, and then,  
To cut it short, he put up the tin

He had labored so long and so hard to win,  
 And started the boy in the paper trade,  
 Where he prospered well, and a living made.

Then Flick returned to his ancient ways,  
 And loafed and begged through the listless days;  
 Cracking, by way of amusing folk,  
 An occasional rummy and senile joke;  
 But what is the funniest thing to me,  
 He always thought he had had that spree,  
 And bragged about it to every one  
 That for once in his life he had had some fun.

\* \* \* \* \*

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## THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.

T. B. ALDRICH.

Have you not heard the poets tell  
 How came the dainty Babie Bell  
     Into this world of ours?  
 The gates of heaven were left ajar;  
 With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
 Wandering out of Paradise,  
 She saw this planet, like a star,  
     Hung in the glistening depths of even—  
 Its bridges running to and fro,  
 O'er which the white-winged angels go,  
     Bearing the holy dead to heaven.  
 She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,  
 So light they did not bend the bells  
 Of the celestial asphodels!  
 They fell like dew upon the flowers,  
 Then all the air grew strangely sweet—  
 And thus came dainty Babie Bell  
     Into this world of ours.  
 She came and brought delicious May.  
     The swallows built beneath the eaves;  
     Like sunlight in and out the leaves,

The robins went the livelong day ;  
The lily swung its noiseless bell,  
    And o'er the porch the trembling vine  
    Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.  
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell !  
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds,  
And opening spring-tide flowers,  
When the dainty Babie Bell  
    Came to this world of ours !

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,  
How fair she grew from day to day !  
What woman-nature filled her eyes,  
What poetry within them lay !  
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,  
    So full of meaning, pure and bright,  
    As if she yet stood in the light  
Of those ope'd gates of Paradise.  
And so we loved her more and more ;  
Ah, never in our hearts before  
    Was love so lovely born :  
We felt we had a link between  
This real world and that unseen—  
    The land beyond the morn.  
And for the love of those dear eyes,  
For love of her whom God led forth  
(The mother's being ceased on earth  
When Babie came from Paradise)—  
For love of Him who smote our lives,  
    And woke the chords of joy and pain,  
We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down  
    Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white  
And red with blossoms when she came,  
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.  
The clustered apples burnt like flame,  
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,  
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,  
The grapes hung purpling in the grange ;

And time wrought just as rich a change  
    In little Babie Bell.  
Her lissome form more perfect grew,  
    And in her features we could trace,  
    In softened curves, her mother's face !  
Her angel-nature ripened too.  
We thought her lovely when she came,  
But she was holy, saintly now—  
Around her pale, angelic brow  
We saw a slender ring of flame.  
God's hand had taken away the seal  
    That held the portals of her speech ;  
And oft she said a few strange words  
    Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.  
She never was a child to us,  
We never held her being's key,  
*We* could not teach her holy things ;  
    She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees ;  
We saw its shadow ere it fell,  
The knowledge that our God had sent  
His messenger for Babie Bell.  
We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,  
And all our hopes were changed to fears,  
And all our thoughts ran into tears  
    Like sunshine into rain.  
We cried aloud in our belief,  
“ Oh, smite us gently, gently, God !  
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,  
And perfect grow through grief.”  
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell ;  
Her heart was folded deep in ours,  
    Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell !

At last he came, the messenger,  
    The messenger from unseen lands :  
And what did dainty Babie Bell ?  
She only crossed her little hands,  
She only looked more meek and fair !

We parted back her silken hair,  
 We wove the roses round her brow—  
 White buds, the summer's drifted snow—  
 Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers ;  
 And then went dainty Babie Bell  
     Out of this world of ours !

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## AUX ITALIENS.

OWEN MEREDITH.

## AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

At Paris it was, at the Opera there ;  
 And she looked like a queen in a book, that night,  
 With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,  
 And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,  
 The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore* ;  
 And Mario can soothe with a tenor note  
 The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow ;  
 And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,  
 As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,  
 “ *Non ti scordar di me ?* ”

The Emperor there, in his box of state,  
 Looked grave, as if he had just then seen  
 The red flag wave from the city-gate,  
 Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye.  
 You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,  
 For one moment, under the old blue sky,  
 To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front-row box we sat  
 Together, my bride-betrothed and I ;  
 My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,  
 And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.

Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,  
With that regal, indolent air she had ;  
So confident of her charm !

I have not a doubt she was thinking then  
Of her former lord, good soul that he was !  
Who died the richest and roundest of men,  
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,  
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass ;  
I wish him well for the jointure given  
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love,  
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,  
Till over my eyes there began to move  
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,  
When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees, together,  
In that lost land, in that soft clime,  
In the crimson evening weather ;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),  
And her warm white neck in its golden chain.  
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,  
And falling loose again ;

And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast ;  
Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-flower,  
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,  
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,  
And the letter that brought me back my ring,  
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,  
Such a very little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,  
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over.  
And I thought . . . " were she only living still,  
How I could forgive her and love her ! "

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,  
And of how, after all, old things were best,  
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower,  
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,  
It made me creep, and it made me cold !  
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet  
When a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked. She was sitting there  
In a dim box, over the stage ; and drest  
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,  
And that jasmin in her breast !

I was here, and she was there,  
And the glittering horseshoe curved between—  
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,  
And her sumptuous, scornful mien.

To my early love, with her eyes downeast,  
And over her primrose face the shade  
(In short, from the Future back to the Past),  
There was but one step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride  
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,  
I traversed the passage ; and down at her side  
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,  
Or something which never will be exprest,  
Had brought her back from the grave again,  
With the jasmin in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed !  
But she loves me now, and she loved me then !  
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,  
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,  
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,  
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass—  
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,  
 With her primrose face ; for old things are best,  
 And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above  
 The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,  
 And Love must cling where it can, I say ;  
 For Beauty is easy enough to win,  
 But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,  
 There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,  
 If only the dead could find out when  
 To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmin-flower !  
 And oh, that music ! and oh, the way  
 That voice rang out from the donjon tower,  
*Non ti scordar di me,*  
*Non ti scordar di me !*

### BREITMANN IN MARYLAND.

Der Breitmann mit his gompany  
 Rode out in Marylandt.  
 " Dere's nichts to trink in dis countrie ;  
 Mine troat's as dry as sand.  
 It's light canteen und haversack,  
 It's hoonger mixed mit doorst ;  
 Und if we had some lager-bier  
 I'd trink oontil I boorst.  
 Gling, glang, gloria !  
 We'd trink oontil we boorst.  
 " Herr Leut'nant, take a dozen men,  
 Und ride dis land around !  
 Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'  
 Dill somedings goot is found.  
 Gotts-doonder ! men, go ploonder !  
 We hafn't trinked a bit

Dis fourdeen hours ! If I had bier

I'd sauf oontil I shplit !

Gling, glang, gloria !

We'd sauf oontil we shplit !"

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs

Coom rattlin' troo de camp ;

" Rouse dere !—coom rouse der house dere !

Herr Copitain—we moost tromp !

De scouds have found a repel town,

Mit repel davern near,

A repel keller in de cround,

Mit repel lager bier !

Gling, glang, gloria !

All fool of lager bier !

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth !

How Breitmann broked de bush !

" O let me see dat lager bier !

O let me at him rush !

Und is mein sabre sharp und true,

Und is mein war-horse goot ?

To get one quart of lager bier

I'd shpill a sea of plood.

Gling, glang, gloria !

I'd shpill a sea of plood.

" Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,

One hunderd strong are we ;

Who gares a tam for all de odds

When men so dirsty pe ?"

And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,

Like donder-polts dey fly,

Rush fort as der wild yæger cooms

Mit blitzen troo de shky.

Gling, glang, gloria !

Like blitzen troo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left

De moundains, drees unt hedge ;

How left und rite de yæger corps

Went donderin troo de pridge.

Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream  
 Where not some pridges pe :  
 All dripplin' in de moonlight peam  
 Stracks went de cavallrie !  
 Gling, glang, gloria !  
 Der Breitmann's cavallrie !

Und hoory, hoory on dey rote,  
 Oonheedin' vet or try ;  
 Und horse und rider shnort und blowed,  
 Und shparklin' bepples fly.  
 Ropp ! ropp ! I shmell de barley-prew !  
 Dere's somedings goot ish near.  
 Ropp ! Ropp !—I scent de kneiperei ;  
 We've got to lager bier !  
 Gling, glang, gloria !  
 We've got to lager bier !

Hei ! how de carpine pullets klined  
 Oopon de helmets hart !  
 Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre ringed ;  
 Du alter Knasterbart !  
 De contrapands dey sing for choy  
 To see de rebs go down,  
 Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry :  
 Hoorah !—we've dook de down.  
 Gling, glang, gloria !  
 Victoria, victoria !  
 De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,  
 And wild husaren shout,  
 De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,  
 Und rolled de lager out ;  
 And in the coorlin powder shmoke,  
 While shtill de pullets sung,  
 Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,  
 A-knockin' out de boong.  
 Gling, glang, gloria !  
 Victoria ! Encoria !  
 De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts ! vot a shpree der Breitmann had

While yet his hand was red,  
A-trinkin' lager from his poots  
Among de repel tead.  
'Twas dus dey went at mitternight  
Along der moundain side ;  
'Twas dus dey help make history !  
Dis was der Breitmann's ride.  
Gling, glang, gloria ;  
Victoria ! Victoria !  
Cer'visia, encoria ?  
De treadful mitnight ride  
Of Breitmann's wild Freischarlinger,  
All famous, broad, und wide.

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## “THE MORNING ARGUS” OBITUARY DEPARTMENT.

MAX ADELER.

A rather unusual sensation has been excited in the village by *The Morning Argus* within a day or two ; and while most of the readers of that wonderful sheet have thus been supplied with amusement, the soul of the editor has been filled with gloom and wrath and despair. Colonel Bangs recently determined to engage an assistant to take the place made vacant by the retirement of the eminent art-critic, Mr. Murphy, and he found in one of the lower counties of the State a person who appeared to him to be suitable. The name of the new man is Slimmer.

When Mr. Slimmer arrived, and entered upon the performance of his duties, Colonel Bangs explained his theory to the poet, and suggested that whenever a death-notice reached the office, he should immediately write a rhyme or two which should express the sentiments most suitable to the occasion.

Mr. Slimmer had charge of the editorial department the next day, during the absence of Colonel Bangs in Wilmington. Throughout the afternoon and evening death-notices

arrived; and when one would reach Mr. Slimmer's desk, he would lock the door, place the fingers of his left hand among his hair, and agonize until he succeeded in completing a verse that seemed to him to accord with his instructions.

The next morning Mr. Slimmer proceeded calmly to the office for the purpose of embalming in sympathetic verse the memories of other departed ones. As he came near to the establishment he observed a crowd of people in front of it, struggling to get into the door. Ascending some steps upon the other side of the street, he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling papers as fast as they could handle them, while the mob pushed and yelled in frantic efforts to obtain copies, the presses in the cellar meanwhile clanging furiously. Standing upon the curbstone in front of the office, there was a long row of men, each of whom was engaged in reading *The Morning Argus*, with an earnestness that Mr. Slimmer had never before seen displayed by the patrons of that sheet. The bard concluded that either his poetry had touched a sympathetic chord in the popular heart, or that an appalling disaster had occurred in some quarter of the globe.

He went round to the back of the office and ascended to the editorial rooms. As he approached the sanctum, loud voices were heard within. Mr. Slimmer determined to ascertain the cause before entering. He obtained a chair, and placing it by the side door, he mounted it and peeped over the door through the transom. There sat Colonel Bangs, holding *The Morning Argus* in both hands, while the fringe which grew in a semi-circle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out, until he seemed to resemble a gigantic gun-swab. Two or three persons stood in front of him in threatening attitudes. Slimmer heard one of them say:

"My name is McGlue, sir! William McGlue! I am a

brother of the late Alexander McGlue. I picked up your paper this morning, and perceived in it an outrageous insult to my deceased relative, and I have come around to demand, sir, WHAT YOU MEAN by the following infamous language:

" 'The death-angel smote Alexander McGlue,  
And gave him protracted repose;  
He wore a checked shirt and a number nine shoe,  
And he had a pink wart on his nose.  
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space,  
Over there on the evergreen shore.  
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place  
Precisely at quarter past four.'

"This is simply diabolical! My late brother had no wart on his nose, sir. He had upon his nose neither a pink wart nor a green wart, nor a cream-colored wart, nor a wart of any other color. It is a slander! It is a gratuitous insult to my family, and I distinctly want you to say *what do you mean* by such conduct?"

"Really, sir," said Bangs, "it is a mistake. This is the horrible work of a miscreant in whom I reposed perfect confidence. He shall be punished by my own hand for this outrage. A pink wart! Awful! sir—awful! The miserable scoundrel shall suffer for this—he shall, indeed!"

"How could I know," murmured Mr. Slimmer, to the foreman, who with him was listening, "that the corpse hadn't a pink wart? I used to know a man named McGlue, and *he* had one, and I thought *all* the McGlues had. This comes of irregularities in families."

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, authorized you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son? Do you mean to say, Bangs, that it is not with your authority that your low comedian inserted with my advertisement the following scandalous burlesque? Listen to this:

" 'Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick,  
And when he sucked the paint all off it made him deathly sick;

And in his latest hours he clasped that monkey in his hand,  
And bade good-bye to earth and went into a better land.

"Oh, no more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden gun ;  
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail and make her yowl, for fun.  
The pussy's tail now stands out straight ; the gun is laid aside ;  
The monkey doesn't jump around since little Willie died.'

"The atrocious character of this libel will appear when I say that my son was twenty years old, and that he died of liver complaint."

"Infamous ! utterly infamous !" groaned the editor, as he cast his eyes over the lines. "And the wretch who did this still remains unpunished ! It is too much !"

"And yet," whispered Slimmer to the foreman, "he told me to lighten the gloom and to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of my art ; and I certainly thought that idea about the monkey would have that effect, somehow. Bangs is ungrateful !"

Just then there was a knock at the door, and a woman entered, crying.

"Are you the editor ?" she inquired of Colonel Bangs.

Bangs said he was.

"W-w-well !" she said in a voice broken by sobs, "wh-what d'you mean by publishing this kind of poetry about my child ? M-my name is Sm-Smith ; and wh-when I looked this m-morning for the notice of Johnny's d-death in your paper, I saw this scandalous verse :

"Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith—  
They blistered and they bled him ;  
With squills and anti-bilious pills  
And ipecac they fed him.  
They stirred him up with calomel,  
And tried to move his liver ;  
But all in vain—his little soul  
Was wafted o'er the River.'

"It's false ! false ! and mean ! Johnny only had *one*

doctor. And they d-didn't bl-bleed and bl-blister him. It's a wicked falsehood, and you're a hard-hearted brute f-f-for printing it!"

"Madam, I shall go crazy!" exclaimed Bangs. "This is not my work. It is the work of a villain whom I will slay with my own hand as soon as he comes in. Madam, the miserable outcast shall die!"

"Strange! strange!" said Slimmer. "And this man told me to combine elevated sentiment with practical information. If the information concerning the squills and ipecac is not practical, I have misunderstood the use of that word. And if young Smith didn't have four doctors, it was an outrage. He ought to have had them, and they ought to have excited his liver. Thus it is that human life is sacrificed to carelessness."

While the poet mused, hurried steps were heard upon the stairs, and in a moment a middle-aged man dashed in abruptly, and seizing the colonel's scattered hair, bumped his prostrate head against the table three or four times with considerable force. Having expended the violence of his emotion in this manner, he held the editor's head down with one hand, shaking it occasionally by way of emphasis, and with the other hand seized the paper and said:

"You disgraceful old reprobate! You disgusting vampire! You hoary-headed old ghoul! What d'you mean by putting such stuff as this in your paper about my deceased son? What d'you mean by printing such awful doggerel as this, you depraved and dissolute ink-slinger—you imbecile quill-driver, you!

"Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the woods,  
 In a beautiful hole in the ground,  
 Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,  
 And the straddle-bugs tumble around;  
 So that, in winter, when the snow and the slush  
 Have covered his last little bed,

His brother Artemus can go out with Jane  
And visit the place with his sled.'

"I'll teach you to talk about straddle-bugs! I'll instruct you about slush! I'll enlighten your insane old intellect on the subject of singing woodpeckers! What do *you* know about Jane and Artemus, you wretched buccaneer, you despicable butcher of the English language? Go out with a sled! I'll carry you out in a hearse before I'm done with you, you deplorable lunatic!"

At the end of every phrase the visitor gave the editor's head a fresh knock against the table. When the exercise was ended, Colonel Bangs explained and apologized in the humblest manner, promising at the same time to give his assailant a chance to flog Mr. Slimmer, who was expected to arrive in a few moments.

"The treachery of this man," murmured the poet to the foreman, "is dreadful. Didn't he desire me to throw a glamour of poesy over commonplace details? But for that I should never have thought of alluding to woodpeckers and bugs, and other children of nature. The man objects to the remarks about the sled. Can the idiot know that it was necessary to have a rhyme for 'bed'? Can he suppose that I could write poetry without rhymes? The man is a lunatic! He ought not to be at large!"

The poet determined to leave before any more criticisms were made upon his performances. He jumped down from his chair and crept softly toward the back staircase.

The story told by the foreman relates that Colonel Bangs at the same instant resolved to escape any further persecution, and he moved off in the direction taken by the poet. The two met upon the landing, and the colonel was about to begin his quarrel with Slimmer, when an enraged old woman who had been groping her way up-stairs suddenly plunged her umbrella at Bangs, and held him in the corner while she handed a copy of the *Argus* to Slimmer, and pointing to a certain stanza, asked him to read it aloud.

He did so in a somewhat tremulous voice, and with frightened glances at the enraged colonel. The verse was as follows :

“Little Alexander’s dead ;  
 Jam him in a coffin ;  
 Don’t have as good a chance  
 For a fun’ral often ;  
 Rush his body right around  
 To the cemetery ;  
 Drop him in the sepulchre  
 With his Uncle Jerry.”

The colonel’s assailant accompanied the recitation with such energetic remarks as these :

“Oh, you willin ! D’you hear that, you wretch ? What d’you mean by writin’ of my grandson in that way ? Take that, you serpint ! Oh, you wiper, you ! tryin’ to break a lone widder’s heart with such scand’lus lies as them ! There, you willin ! I kemmere to hammer you well with this here umbreller, you owdacious wiper, you ! Take that, and that, you wile, indecent, disgustin’ wagabone ! When you know well enough that Aleck never had no Uncle Jerry, and never had no uncle in no sepulchre anyhow, you wile wretch, you !”

When Mr. Slimmer had concluded his portion of the entertainment, he left the colonel in the hands of the enemy and fled. He has not been seen in New Castle since that day, and it is supposed that he has returned to Sussex county for the purpose of continuing in private his dalliance with the Muses. Colonel Bangs appears to have abandoned the idea of establishing a department of obituary poetry, and the *Argus* has resumed its accustomed aspect of dreariness.

It may fairly boast, however, that once during its career it has produced a profound impression upon the community.

## SNYDER'S NOSE.

"OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

Snyder kept a beer-saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper—"sudden and quick in quarrel"—get mad in a minute. Nevertheless, his saloon was a great resort for "the boys"—partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because they liked to chafe "old Snyder," as they called him; for, although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing; and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked" the beer that day, that he had "gone out fishing mit der poys." The next day one of the boys, who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead-ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis: "the sun it pese hot like ash never vas, and I purns my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness in the little mirror back of his bar. It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a joke upon Snyder; so he went out and collected half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon one after another, and ask Snyder, "What's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in first with a companion, and seating themselves at a table called for beer. Snyder brought it to them; and the new-comer exclaimed as he saw him, "Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I just dell your frient here I peen out fishin' mit der

poys, unt de sun he purnt 'em—zwi lager—den cents—all right."

Another boy rushes in. "Halloo, boys, you're ahead of me this time; s'pose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret—" (Appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment, and then bursts out laughing.) "Ha, ha, ha! Why, Snyder—ha, ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose, or having it laughed at; and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic—

"I peen out fishin' mit der poys, unt de sun it yust as hot ash blazes, unt I purnt my nose; dat ish all right."

Another tormentor comes in, and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder," says he, "fill up the boys' glasses, and take a drink yourse— Ho, ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha! Snyder, wha—ha, ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner—

"I peen out fishin' mit der poys on the Leedle Miami. De sun pese hot like ash—vel, I purn my puggle. Now, dat is more vot I don't got to say. Vot gind o' peseness? Dat ish all right; I purn my *own* nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose—burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose; for he was tramping about behind the bar, and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage. Another one of his tormentors walks in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy; "but, Snyder, you may give me one of your best ciga— Ha-a-a! ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! he, he, he! ah-h-h-ha! ha, ha, ha! Why—why—Snyder—who—who—ha-ha! ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time; his face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared—

“I peen out fishin’ mit ter poys. The sun it pese hot like ash never vas. I purnt my nose. Now you no like dose nose, you yust take dose nose unt wr-wr-wr-wring your mean American finger mit ’em! That’s the kind of man vot I am!” And Snyder was right.

## MAGDALENA, OR THE SPANISH DUEL.

J. F. WALLER.

[NOTE.—The approximately correct pronunciation of the Spanish names may be indicated as follows: *Sevilla*, Seveelya; *Quien Sabe*, Kee-en Sabe (a as in father); *Caballero*, Cavalyaro; *Camillo*, Cameelyo; *Miguel*, Migàle; *Pedrillo*, Pedreelyo; *De Xymenes y Ribera*, Da Zimanes e Ribara; *Y Santallos y Herrera*, E Santalyos e Herrara; *Guzman*, Guthman; *Y de Rivas y Mendoza*, E da Reevas e Mendotha; *Y Quintana y de Rosa*, E Keentanya e de Rosas; *Y Zorilla*, E Zoreellya.]

Near the city of Sevilla,  
 Years and years ago—  
 Dwelt a lady in a villa  
 Years and years ago;  
 And her hair was black as night,  
 And her eyes were starry bright;  
 Olives on her brow were blooming,  
 Roses red her lips perfuming,  
 And her step was light and airy  
 As the tripping of a fairy;  
 When she spoke, you thought, each minute,  
 ’Twas the trilling of a linnet;  
 When she sang, you heard a gush  
 Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush  
 And she struck from the guitar  
 Ringing music, sweeter far  
 Than the morning breezes make

Through the lime trees when they shake—  
Than the ocean murmuring o'er  
Pebbles on the foamy shore.  
Orphaned both of sire and mother  
    Dwelt she in that lonely villa,  
Absent now her guardian brother  
    On a mission from Sevilla.  
Skills it little now the telling  
    How I wooed that maiden fair,  
Tracked her to her lonely dwelling  
    And obtained an entrance there.  
Ah! that lady of the villa—  
    And I loved her so,  
Near the city of Sevilla,  
    Years and years ago.  
Ay de mi!—Like echoes falling  
    Sweet and sad and low,  
Voices come at night, recalling  
    Years and years ago.

Once again I'm sitting near thee,  
    Beautiful and bright;  
Once again I see and hear thee  
    In the autumn night;  
Once again I'm whispering to thee  
    Faltering words of love;  
Once again with song I woo thee  
    In the orange grove  
Growing near that lonely villa  
    Where the waters flow  
Down to the city of Sevilla—  
    Years and years ago.

'Twas an autumn eve; the splendor  
    Of the day was gone,  
And the twilight, soft and tender,  
    Stole so gently on  
That the eye could scarce discover  
How the shadows, spreading over,  
    Like a veil of silver gray,

Toned the golden clouds, sun-painted,  
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted  
From the face of heaven away.  
And a dim light, rising slowly,  
O'er the welkin spread,  
Till the blue sky, calm and holy,  
Gleamed above our head ;  
And the thin moon, newly nascent,  
Shone in glory meek and sweet,  
As Murillo paints her crescent  
Underneath Madonna's feet.  
And we sat outside the villa  
Where the waters flow  
Down to the city of Sevilla—  
Years and years ago.

There we sate—the mighty river  
Wound its serpent course along  
Silent, dreamy Guadalquiver,  
Famed in many a song.  
Silver gleaming 'mid the plain  
Yellow with the golden grain,  
Gliding down through deep, rich meadow  
Where the sated cattle rove,  
Stealing underneath the shadows  
Of the verdant olive grove ;  
With its plenitude of waters,  
Ever flowing calm and slow,  
Loved by Andalusia's daughters,  
Sung by poets long ago.

Seated half within a bower  
Where the languid evening breeze  
Shook out odors in a shower  
From oranges and citron trees,

Sang she from a romancero,  
How a Moorish chieftain bold  
Fought a Spanish caballero  
By Sevilla's walls of old.

How they battled for a lady,  
 Fairest of the maids of Spain—  
 How the Christian's lance, so steady,  
 Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased—her black eyes moving,  
 Flashed, as asked she with a smile,  
 "Say, are maids as fair and loving—  
 Men as faithful, in your isle?"

"British maids," I said, "are ever  
 Counted fairest of the fair;  
 Like the swans on yonder river  
 Moving with a stately air.

"Wooded not quickly, won not lightly—  
 But, when won, forever true;  
 Trial draws the bond more tightly,  
 Time can ne'er the knot undo."

"And the men?"—"Ah! dearest lady,  
 Are—quien sabe? who can say?  
 To make love they're ever ready,  
 Where they can and where they may;

"Fixed as waves, as breezes steady  
 In a changeful April day—  
 Como brisas, como rios,  
 No se sabe, sabe Dios."

"Are they faithful?"—"Ah! quien sabe?  
 Who can answer that they are?  
 While we may we should be happy."

Then I took up her guitar,  
 And I sang in sportive strain,  
 This song to an old air of Spain.

"QUIEN SABE."

# I.

"The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,  
 That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,  
 Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,  
 That you know not the region from which it is come?"

Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,  
Hither and thither and whither—who knows?

Who knows?

Hither and thither—but whither—who knows?

## II.

“The river forever glides singing along,  
The rose on the bank bends down to its song;  
And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,  
Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips.  
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,  
And why the rose stoops for those kisses—who knows?

Who knows?

And away flows the river—but whither—who knows?

## III.

“Let *me* be the breeze, love, that wanders along  
The river that ever rejoices in song;  
Be *thou* to my fancy the orange in bloom,  
The rose by the river that gives its perfume.  
Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,  
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?

Who knows?

Who knows?

If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?

Who knows?”

As I sang, the lady listened,  
Silent save one gentle sigh:  
When I ceased, a tear-drop glistened  
On the dark fringe of her eye.

Then my heart reproved the feeling  
Of that false and heartless strain  
Which I sang in words concealing  
What my heart would hide in vain.

Up I sprang. What words were uttered  
Bootless now to think or tell—  
Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered  
By the mighty master spell.

Love, avowed with sudden boldness,  
Heard with flushings that reveal,  
Spite of woman's studied coldness,  
Thoughts the heart cannot conceal.

Words half-vague and passion-broken,  
Meaningless, yet meaning all  
That the lips have left unspoken,  
That we never may recall.

"Magdalena, dearest, hear me,"  
Sighed I, as I seized her hand—  
"Hola! Senor," very near me,  
Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart caballero  
Comes upon me with a stride,  
On his head a slouched sombrero,  
A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa  
With a stately Spanish air—  
[On the whole, he looked the chap a  
Man to slight would scarcely dare.]

"Will your worship have the goodness  
To release that lady's hand?"  
"Senor," I replied, "this rudeness  
I am not prepared to stand.

"Magdalena, say"—the maiden,  
With a cry of wild surprise,  
As with secret sorrow laden,  
Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero  
Bowed with haughty courtesy,  
Solemn as a tragic hero,  
And announced himself to me.

+  
"Senor, I am Don Camillo  
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo  
De Xymenes y Ribera  
Y Santallos y Herrera

Y de Rivas y Mendoza  
 Y Quintana y de Rosa  
 Y Zorilla y"—"No more, sir,  
 'Tis as good as twenty score, sir,"  
 Said I to him, with a frown ;  
 "Mucha bulla para nada,  
 No palabras, draw your 'spada ;  
 If you're up for a duello  
 You will find I'm just your fellow—  
 Senor, I am Peter Brown !"

By the river's brink that night,  
 Foot to foot in strife,  
 Fought we in the dubious light  
 A fight of death or life.  
 Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,  
 With the pain I grew the bolder,  
 Close, and closer still I pressed ;  
 Fortune favored me at last,  
 I broke his guard, my weapon passed  
 Through the caballero's breast—

Down to the earth went Don Camillo  
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo  
 De Xymenes y Ribera  
 Y Santallos y Herrera  
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza  
 Y Quintana y de Rosa  
 Y Zorilla y— One groan,  
 And he lay motionless as stone.  
 The man of many names went down,  
 Pierced by the sword of Peter Brown !

Kneeling down, I raised his head ;  
 The cabellero faintly said,  
 "Senor Ingles, fly from Spain  
 With all speed, for you have slain  
 A Spanish noble, Don Camillo  
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo  
 De Xymenes y Ribera  
 Y Santallos y Herrera

Y de Rivas y Mendoza  
Y Quintana y de Rosa  
Y Zorilla y"— He swooned  
With the bleeding from his wound.  
If he be living still, or dead,  
I never knew, I ne'er shall know.  
That night from Spain in haste I fled,  
Years and years ago.

Oft when autumn eve is closing,  
Pensive, puffing a cigar,  
In my chamber lone reposing,  
Musing half, and half a-dozing,  
Comes a vision from afar  
Of that lady of the villa  
In her satin, fringed mantilla,  
And that haughty caballero  
With his capa and sombrero,  
Vainly in my mind revolving  
That long, jointed, endless name ;—  
'Tis a riddle past my solving,  
Who he was or whence he came.  
Was he that brother home returned ?  
Was he some former lover spurned ?  
Or some family *fiancee*  
That the lady did not fancy ?  
Was he any one of those ?  
Sabe Dios. Ah, God knows !

Sadly smoking my manilla,  
Much I long to know  
How fares the lady of the villa  
That once charmed me so,  
When I visited Sevilla  
Years and years ago.  
Has she married a Hidalgo ?  
Gone the way that ladies all go  
In those drowsy Spanish cities,  
Wasting life—a thousand pities—  
Waking up for a fiesta

From an afternoon siesta,  
 To "Giralda" now repairing,  
 Or the Plaza for an airing;  
 At the shaded *reja* flirting,  
 At a bull fight now desporting;  
 Does she walk at evenings ever  
 Through the gardens by the river?  
 Guarded by an old duenna  
 Fierce and sharp as a hyena,  
 With her goggles and her fan  
 Warning off each wicked man?  
 Is she dead or is she living?  
 Is she for my absence grieving?  
 Is she wretched, is she happy?  
 Widow, wife, or maid? *Quien sabe?*

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### "BAY BILLY."

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg—  
 Perhaps the day you reck,  
 Our boys, the Twenty-Second Maine,  
 Kept Early's men in check.  
 Just where Wade Hampton boomed away  
 The fight went neck and neck.  
  
 All day we held the weaker wing,  
 And held it with a will;  
 Five several stubborn times we charged  
 The battery on the hill,  
 And five times beaten back, reformed,  
 And kept our columns still.  
  
 At last from out the centre fight  
 Spurred up a General's Aid.  
 "That battery *must* silenced be!"  
 He cried, as past he sped.  
 Our Colonel simply touched his cap,  
 And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more  
 The grand old fellow came.  
 No wounded man but raised his head  
 And strove to gasp his name,  
 And those who could not speak nor stir,  
 “God blessed him” just the same.

For he was all the world to us,  
 That hero gray and grim;  
 Right well he knew that fearful slope  
 We’d climb with none but him,  
 Though while his white head led the way  
 We’d charge hell’s portals in.

This time we were not half way up,  
 When, midst the storm of shell,  
 Our leader, with his sword upraised,  
 Beneath our bay’nets fell.  
 And, as we bore him back, the foe  
 Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,  
 And when the bugle said  
 “Up, charge, again!” no man was there  
 But hung his dogged head.  
 “We’ve no one left to lead us now,”  
 The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line  
 The Colonel’s horse we spied—  
 Bay Billy with his trappings on,  
 His nostril swelling wide,  
 As though still on his gallant back  
 The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place  
 That was of old his wont,  
 And with a neigh, that seemed to say  
 Above the battle’s brunt,  
 “How can the Twenty-Second charge  
 If I am not in front?”

Like statues we stood rooted there,  
And gazed a little space ;  
Above that floating mane we missed  
The dear familiär face ;  
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,  
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all  
As that brave sight had done ;  
Down all the battered line we felt  
A lightning impulse run ;  
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,  
And captured every gun !

And when upon the conquered height  
Died out the battle's hum,  
Vainly 'mid living and the dead  
We sought our leader dumb ;  
It seemed as if a spectre steed  
To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark  
Sang in the merry skies  
As if to e'en the sleepers there  
It bade wake, and arise !  
Though naught but that last trump of all  
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,  
Stretched out the long brigade ;  
Trimly upon the furrowed field  
The troops stood on parade,  
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed  
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-Second's men  
Were in their place that morn,  
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-noon  
Stood six brave fellows on,  
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,  
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour  
When, as with misty eyes,  
To call the old familiar roll  
The solemn Sergeant tries—  
One feels that thumping of the heart  
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow  
The last few names were said,  
Across the field some missing horse  
Toiled up with weary tread.  
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick  
Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,  
All safe from battle's harms,  
And ere an order could be heard,  
Or the bugle's quick alarms,  
Down all the front, from end to end,  
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth  
Could still our mighty cheer.  
And ever from that famous day,  
When rang the roll-call clear,  
Bay Billy's name was read, and then  
The whole line answered "Here!"

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## RETURN OF THE HILLSIDE LEGION.

ETHEL LYNN.

What telegraphed word  
The village hath stirred?  
Why eagerly gather the people;  
And why do they wait  
At crossing and gate—  
Why flutters the flag on the steeple?  
Why, stranger, do tell—  
It's now a smart spell

Since our sogers went marchin' away,  
And we calculate now  
To show the boys how  
We can welcome the Legion to-day.

Bill Allendale's drum  
Will sound when they come,  
And there's watchers above on the hill,  
To let us all know  
When the big bugles blow,  
To hurrah with a hearty good will.

All the women folks wait  
By the 'Cademy gate,  
With posies all drippin' with dew;  
The Legion shan't say  
We helped them away,  
And forgot them when service was through.

My Jack's comin' too,  
He's served the war through;  
Hark, the rattle and roar of the train!  
There's bugle and drum,  
Our sogers have come!  
Hurrah! for the boys home again.

"Stand aside! stand aside!  
Leave a space far and wide  
Till the regiment forms on the track."  
Two soldiers in blue,  
Two men—only two  
Stepped off, and the Legion was back.

The hurrah softly died  
In the space far and wide,  
As they welcomed the worn, weary men;  
The drum on the hill  
Grew suddenly still,  
And the bugle was silent again.

I asked Farmer Shore  
A question no more,

For a sick soldier lay on his breast!  
 While his hand, hard and brown,  
 Stroked tenderly down  
 The locks of the weary at rest.

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## CUDDLE DOON.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON

The bairnies cuddle doon at night  
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din.  
 "Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues:  
 Your father's comin' in."  
 They never heed a word I speak.  
 I try to gie a froon;  
 But aye I hap them up, an' cry,  
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—  
 He aye sleeps next the wa'—  
 Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—  
 The rascal starts them a'.  
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—  
 They stop awee the soun'—  
 Then draw the blankets up, and cry,  
 "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab  
 Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,  
 "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance:  
 He's kittlin' wi' his taes."  
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks:  
 He'd bother half the toon.  
 But aye I hap them up, and cry,  
 "Oh, bairnies cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit;  
 An' as he steeks the door,  
 They turn their faces to the wa',  
 While Tam pretends to snore.

"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,  
 As he pits aff his shoon.  
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,  
 An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,  
 We look at oor wee lambs.  
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,  
 An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.  
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,  
 An' as I straik each croon,  
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,  
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht  
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me;  
 But soon the big warl's cark an' care  
 Will quaten doon their glee.  
 Yet, come what will to ilka ane,  
 May He who sits aboon  
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,  
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

## SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South at break of day,  
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
 Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,  
 The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,  
 Telling the battle was on once more,  
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
 Thundered along the horizon's bar;  
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
 Making the blood of the listener cold,

As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good broad highway leading down ;  
And there, through the flush of the morning light,  
A steed as black as the steeds of night  
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight  
As if he knew the terrible need ;  
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;  
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,  
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;  
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.  
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master  
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind,  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.  
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;  
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him both ;  
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath  
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;

By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,  
 He seemed to the whole great army to say,  
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
 From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!  
 Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!  
 And when their statues are placed on high  
 Under the dome of the Union sky,  
 The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,  
 There with the glorious General's name  
 Be it said in letters both bold and bright:  
 "Here is the steed that saved the day  
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

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## THE POWER OF PRAYER:

OR, THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA.

*From cribner's Magazine.*

You, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads does meet.  
 De Lord, *He* made dese black-jack roots to twis' into a seat.  
 Umph, dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole nigger's feet.

It 'pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June.  
 I 'clar', I b'lieve dat mocking-bird could play de fiddle soon!  
 Dem yonder town-bells sounds like dey was ringin' in de moon.

Well, if dis nigger *is* been blind for fo'ty year or mo',  
 Dese ears, *dey* sees the world, like, th'u' de cracks dat's in de do',  
 For de Lord has built dis body wid de windows 'hind and 'fo'.

I know my front ones *is* stopped up, and things is sort o' dim,  
 But den, th'u' *dem*, temptation's rain won't leak in on ole Jim!  
 De back ones shows me earth enough, aldo' dey's mons'ous slim.

And as for Hebben—bless de Lord, and praise His holy name—  
*Dat* shines in all de co'ners of dis cabin jes' de same  
 As ef dat cabin hadn't nar' a plank upon de frame!

Who *call* me ? Listen down de ribber, Dinah ! Don't you hyar  
Somebody holl'in' "*hoo, Jim, hoo*" ? My Sarah died las' y'ar ;  
*Is* dat black angel done come back to call ole Jim f'om hyar ?

My stars, dat cain't be Sarah, shuh ! Jes' listen, Dinah, *now* !  
What *kin* be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a row ?  
Fus' bellerin' like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like a sow ?

De Lord 'a' massy sakes alive, jes' hear—ker-woof, ker-woof—  
De Debble's comin' round dat bend, he's comin', shuh enuff,  
A-splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his hoof !

I'se pow'ful skeered ; but neversomeless, I ain't gwine run away ;  
I'm gwine to stand stiff-legged for de Lord dis blessed day.  
*You* screech, and howl, and swish de water, Satan ! Let us pray.

O hebbenly Mah'sr, what Thou willest, dat mus' be jes' so,  
And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's bound to go.  
Den, Lord, please take ole Jim, and lef young Dinah hyar below !

Scuse Dinah, scuse her, Mah'sr ; for she's sich a little chile,  
She hardly jes' bēgin to scramble up de home-yard stile,  
But dis ole traveler's feet been tired dis many a many a mile.

I'se wufless as de rotten pole of las' year's fodder-stack.  
De rheumatiz done bit my bones ; you hear 'em crack and crack ?  
I cain't sit down 'dout gruntin' like 'twas breakin' o' my back.

What use de wheel, when hub and spokes is warped and split and  
rotten ?

What use dis dried-up cotton-stalk, when Life done picked my  
cotton ?

I'se like a word dat somebody done said, and den forgotten.

But, Dinah ! Shuh dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry-tree,  
De sap's jes' risin' in her ; she do grow owdaciouslee—  
Lord, ef you's el'arin' de underbrush, don't cut her down, cut me !

I would not proud presume—but yet I'll boldly make reques' ;  
Sence Jacob had dat wrastlin'-match, I, too, gwine do my bes' ;  
When Jacob got all underholt, de Lord He answered Yes !

And what for waste de vittles, now, and th'ow away de bread,  
Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis ole bald head ?  
T'ink of de 'conomy, Mah'sr, if dis ole Jim was dead !

Stop! ef I don't believe de Debble's gone on up de stream!  
Jes' now he squealed down dar—hush! dat's a mighty weakly  
scream!

Yas, sir, he's gone, he's gone! he snort 'way off, like in a dream!

O glory hallelujah to de Lord dat reigns on high!

De Debble's fa'ly skeered to def, he done gone flyin' by;

I know'd he couldn't stand dat pra'r, I felt my Mah'sr nigh!

You, Dinah; ain't you 'shamed, now, dat you didn' trust to grace?

I heerd you thrashin' th'u' de bushes when he showed his face!

You fool, you think de Debble couldn't beat *you* in a race?

I tell you, Dinah, jes' as sure as you is standin' dar,

When folks starts prayin', answer-angels drops down th'u' de a'r.

*Yea, Dinah, whar 'ould you be now, exceptin' for dat pra'r?*

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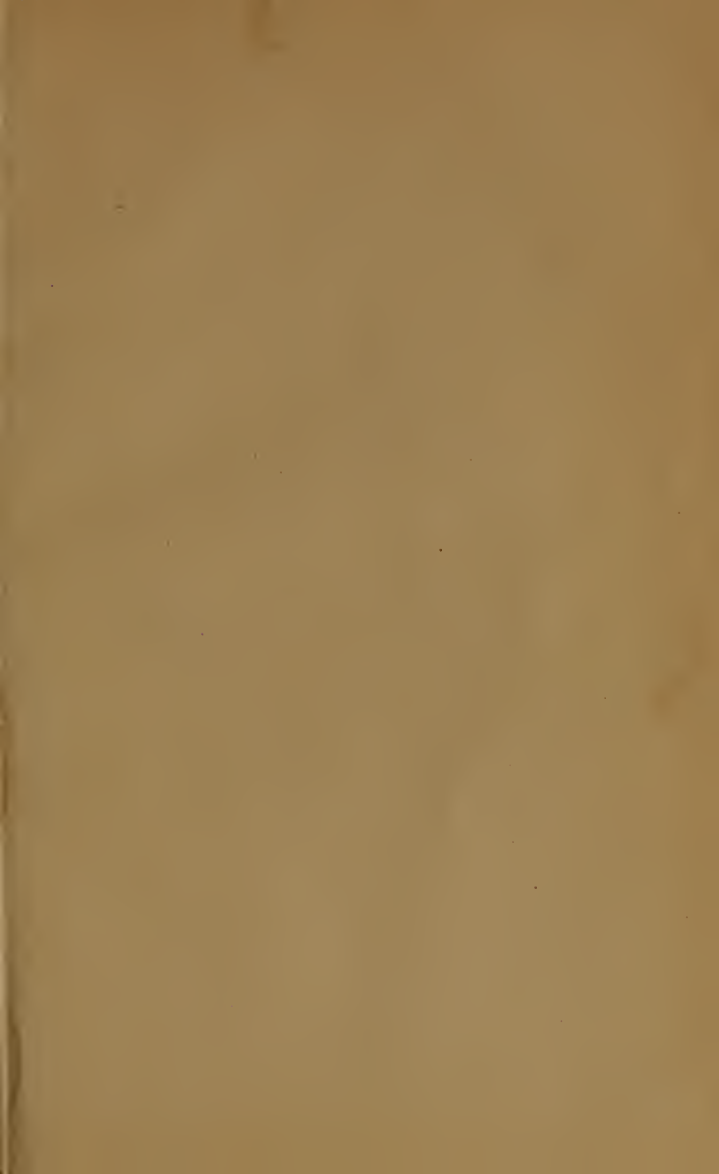
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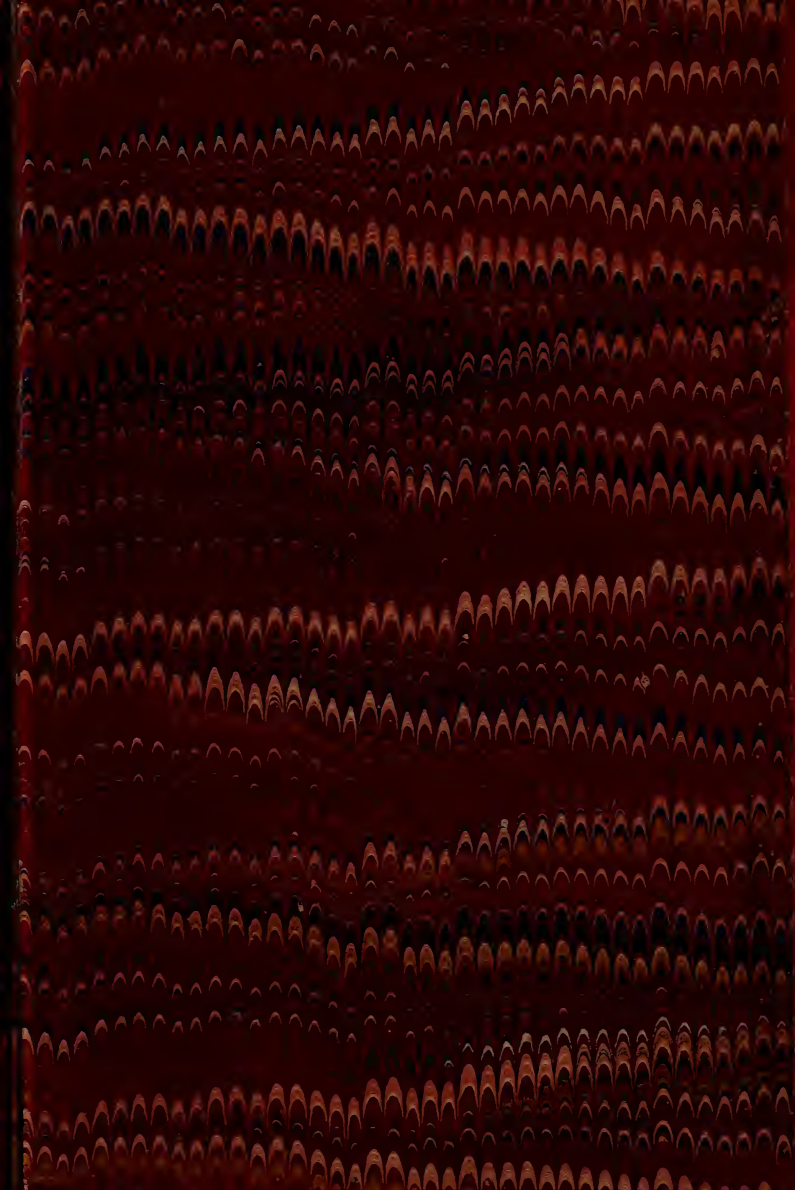




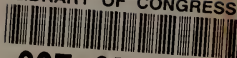








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